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DECEMBER 27, 1976

The background of the cover is a vibrant cosmic scene. It features a dark space filled with numerous small, bright white stars. Interspersed among the stars are large, colorful nebulae in shades of blue, orange, and yellow. A particularly bright, multi-pointed star is positioned to the right of the word "STARS".

TIME STARS

Where Life
Begins

INSIDE

Kissinger on America & the World

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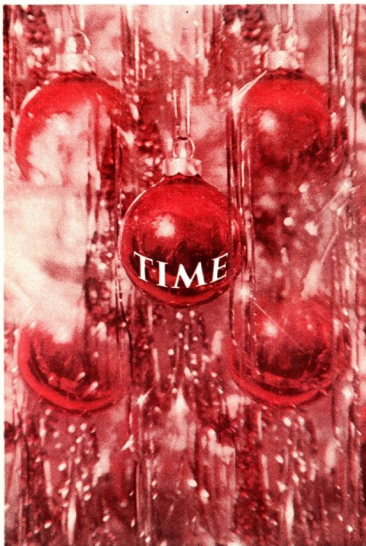
A Christmas Prayer

Let us pray that strength and courage abundant be given to all who work for a world of reason and understanding & that the good that lies in every man's heart may day by day be magnified & that men will come to see more clearly not that which divides them, but that which unites them & that each hour may bring us closer to a final victory, not of nation over nation, but of man over his own evils and weaknesses & that the true spirit of this Christmas Season—its joy, its beauty, its hope, and above all its abiding faith—may live among us & that the blessings of peace be ours—the peace to build and grow, to live in harmony and sympathy with others, and to plan for the future with confidence.

New York Life Insurance Company



A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

Ralph P. Davidson

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The Cover: Illustration by Haruo Miyauchi—Push Pin Studios.

TIME is published weekly except semi-weekly during the third week of May, \$26.00 per year, by Time Inc., 541 N. Dearborn Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611. Principal office: Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James R. Shepley, President; Edward Patrick Lenihan, Treasurer; Charles B. Segar, Secretary. Second class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Vol. 108 No. 26 © 1976 Time Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is prohibited.

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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Gambling Goes Legit

To the Editors:

Re your article on legitimized gambling [Dec. 6] and specifically state lotteries: the inefficiency of revenue collection is horrendous and the odds for winning are unconscionable. But the worst thing is that this is regressive taxation in its most vicious form.

Every "ticket to a dream" is bought by people unaware that they are paying an unduly heavy price and an unfairly large share of communal needs.

Barbara Glas
Cincinnati

For over 30 years I have gambled on everything from a pin to an elephant

two weeks ago that my father, a compulsive gambler, committed suicide. I was glad to see that your article dealt in some detail with the small minority of gamblers who have the good sense to participate in treatment programs like Gamblers Anonymous, but I was surprised that you chose not to discuss the huge number of compulsive gamblers like my father, who for some reason are unwilling or unable to seek help for themselves. Compulsive gambling is cruel and self-destructive, unless the addict makes a serious attempt to kick his habit.

(Name Withheld)
New York City

ferral was for extensive school vandalism on a weekend burglary.

His father was at the preliminary hearing on Monday—Gary had been caught in the act. The import of the father's words was "Gary, you didn't do it. Don't let them tell you you did. Don't say a word. Gary, you didn't do it."

The boy quickly learned. Although he was assigned a competent counselor from juvenile court, and was returned on probation to his home, he was soon in trouble again. The trouble was increasingly serious. After a few years Gary was assaulting fellow prisoners and guards alike, without discernible provocation. After recent events occurred I first learned (and was appalled) that he had been paroled in Utah.

Virgil Langtry
Maupin, Ore.



Who Invented Othello?

So, the Japanese have invented the game Othello [Nov. 22]. That's like the Soviets claiming to have invented the electric light bulb.

Back in the early 1930s my aunt, who lived in Manchester, Conn., introduced us to a new game called Bottle Tops, so called because it was played with the pasteboard tops then used on glass milk bottles. They were plain on one side and had the name of the dairy printed on the other. The playing board was a piece of manila paper marked off in 64 squares like a checkerboard. We called it the depression game.

(Mrs.) Elizabeth I. Carter
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

and have never won a sausage. I still keep having a go. There is certainly a spice of life in the gambling flutter.

Charles H. Peacock
Shrewsbury, England

You said "... the state's [Nevada] 583,000 residents pay no income, sales or inheritance taxes." You are only two-thirds right. Nevadans have been paying a sales tax since 1955.

John J. Sheehan, Executive Director
Department of Taxation
Carson City, Nev.

You missed the point when you belittled gambling revenue as less than 5% of state revenues. The reason legalized wagering is catching on is the ever-increasing costs of government. If you want to know the importance of the money gambling provides, just cut the budget by that amount. The screams would drive a hyena to cover.

Edward J. Powers, Executive Director
State Sweepstakes Commission
Concord, N.H.

Your story on gambling held a strange irony for me, since it was just

The "new" Japanese game Othello bears a remarkable resemblance to an English board game called Reversi.

Although the Oriental mind has long been noted for its inventiveness, Mr. Hasegawa's invention seems to prove the old saw: There is nothing new under the sun.

Joanne Blythe
Rangeley, Me.

In your article on the game Othello, Lawyer Mark Weinberg stated that the game leaves him very refreshed. My parents bought Othello for my younger brother's birthday and when I'm finished playing with either my father or older brother, I feel anything but refreshed. Aggravated would have been a better word.

Carin Sweetman
North Hollywood, Calif.

"Gary, You Didn't Do It"

I was the judge presiding at Gary Gilmore's [Nov. 29] first referral to Multnomah County, Ore., juvenile court. My distinct recollection is that then he was eleven or twelve years old. The re-

Prisoners of Fear

Innocent, defenseless, elderly people beaten to death, robbed of their Social Security checks—the only income they have to live on—prisoners in their own homes [Nov. 29]! Isn't it time we stopped feeling sorry for the poor, misguided criminals and started punishing them?

Drew Wilson
Kenosha, Wis.

The Eskimos were kinder to their old ones—a few hours on an ice floe and it was all over.

Lola Jeselowitz
State College, Pa.

Aren't these young black offenders themselves prisoners—and victims—of their wretched environment?

Adil Mustafa Ahmad
Khartoum

Chairman Housewife

When TIME at this late date refers to the outgoing Republican national chairman as "an Iowa housewife" [Dec. 6], it might be enough to radicalize even a middle-aged Establishment type like myself. One assumes Ms. Smith reached her high office by sustained work for her party. She could hardly have reached it if her main occupation had been waxing kitchen floors.

Mary R. Sive
Pearl River, N.Y.

High School Sarcasm?

It's curious that Richard Schickel, usually one of our most persuasive writers, seems to lose both his composure and his sense of humor in the face of Paddy Chayefsky's *Network* [Nov. 29]. Who has a better right to ferociously satirize TV than the man who wrote some of its best original plays? Schickel's lame

sign-off, that he is "eager for the writer's first effort in what is surely his true métier—the pamphlet," sounds suspiciously like high school sarcasm. Since when is pamphleteering per se bad manners or bad art in theater or film, with such historic examples as Ibsen, Shaw, Eisenstein and Odets?

*Seymour Krim
Taos, N. Mex.*

Old Bluffer

I'll bet the Publetter [Dec. 6] writer is a breakfast-eating, Brooks Brothers type. If your man had misspent his youth to better effect he would know that a fourflusher is not a cheater, as the Publetter alleges, but a poor old bluffer trying to do his best in a stud game with four cards of one suit facing up (that's a four-flush) and nothing but dogmeat in the hole (what he needs for a legitimate flush is five cards of one suit).

*Jack Skow
New London, N.H.*

Man of the Year

For Man of the Year I nominate Gerald Ford, the President of the U.S., for all that he did in the last two years, and all that he could have done in four more.

*Connie King
Fairbank, Iowa*

For Man of the Year I nominate Spain's King Juan Carlos. Where else in the world (this year) has one person been more responsible for restoring human and democratic rights?

*Edward Solomon
Pittsburgh*

I nominate the entire Carter family, from the President-elect to Miz Lillian to Miss Amy, from the future First Lady to the brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles and cousins who campaigned for Jimmy and who helped reveal to us the kind of President we'll have.

*Harold Straughn
Abilene, Texas*

Apparently no one but us Californians knows just what a terrific shell-lacking Sam Hayakawa gave to John Tunney, made especially memorable by the fact that Sam is old enough (almost) to be John's grandpa!

If S.I. Hayakawa does not deserve to be Man of the Year on TIME's cover, then I say, there is no political justice left.

*Charles L. Skelley Jr.
South Gate, Calif.*

Milton Friedman. His economic theories have proved to be painfully true, in England and also in New York City.

*Steve Kessler
Washington, D.C.*

Mo Udall. He never became embittered and always had a smile and a laugh ready, even after humiliating losses.

*Mitchell Sommers
Lancaster, Pa.*

Carl Sagan, scientist, philosopher and poet.

*Kathryn E. Wildgen
New Orleans*

Ronald Reagan.

*John Miffin III
Spokane, Wash.*

Ian Smith from Rhodesia.

*Dr. H. Sarhan
Ruwi, Oman*

Ms. Barbara Walters.

*Cynthia O'Konek
St. Cloud, Minn.*

Basketball's Dave Cowens.

*Jeffrey Gardner Haff
Cohoes, N.Y.*

If it is up to mass popularity, the choice is inevitable: Da Fon—Aaaaaaa
*Georg B. Bartley
Oxford, Ohio*

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020



"I was always running out of dry-skin lotion. But I never seemed to get rid of my dry, itchy skin.

Then I found I had psoriasis."

Davis Foster, Albertson, N.Y.

Mrs. Foster was heartbroken when her doctor told her. Then she learned that millions of Americans share her problem—and that moisturizing lotions alone can't help relieve psoriasis symptoms the way Tegrin® Medicated Cream can.

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TIME

HART
THE NAME JOURNAL

THE TRANSITION



Some Snags in the Stretch

"This is a very slow and detailed and thorough and deliberative process," said Jimmy Carter of his Cabinet making. Indeed it was. Despite the President-elect's public serenity, there were some serious snags—most notably in persuading the right people to serve, especially women and blacks.

During three press conferences last week, Carter added six names, to bring his list of major appointees to eight (the first two being Cyrus Vance as Secretary of State and Bert Lance as director of the Office of Management and Budget). The new selections gave his emerging team a look of intelligence, efficiency and pragmatism.

Grossly Exaggerated. Critics lost no time in noting that Carter's initial appointees were all white. Establishment-connected males and that the first three Cabinet choices represented Yale (Vance), Princeton (Michael Blumenthal, Secretary of the Treasury) and Harvard (Brock Adams, Secretary of Transportation). The President-elect moved to remedy this by naming Atlanta Congressman Andrew Young his Ambassador to the United Nations. The first prominent black to throw his weighty influence behind the Carter candidacy, Young candidly admitted that his friends had "been cussing me out and crying" over his decision to accept the post—one that does nothing to help the condition of U.S. blacks. But his concern over linking U.S. interests with those of the emerging Third World nations—and Carter's persuasiveness—overcame Young's strong desire to remain in Congress.

Barring hitches, Carter was expected to name his Attorney General early this week: former Fifth Circuit Appeals

Court Judge Griffin Bell, now a law partner of Carter Adviser Charles Kirbo. Two other appointments could come early in the week but are less certain: John T. Dunlop as Labor Secretary, a post he held under President Ford, and Minnesota Congressman Bob Bergland as Agriculture Secretary.

Even with eleven spots nailed down, that would still leave six high positions open: the Secretaries of Defense, HEW, HUD and Commerce, and the heads of the FBI and CIA. Carter is also thinking of creating a new Cabinet-level energy department. One possibility to head it: former Defense Secretary James Schlesinger, a firm advocate of strong energy conservation measures. Schlesinger, who met with the President-elect in Plains, Ga., at week's end, is known to believe that the new energy "czar" ought to sit on the National Security Council.

Carter contended that reports about pressure on him to select one candidate or another have been "grossly exaggerated." Nonetheless, such pressure persisted, for example, in the debate over whether he should choose Caltech President Harold Brown or Schlesinger for the Pentagon (see box).

Women's groups also continued to bombard him with complaints against Dunlop, claiming that he had been insensitive to improving equal employment rights when he was Ford's Labor Secretary. They were quickly joined by Ralph Nader's Public Citizen Congress Watch, the congressional Black Caucus and other groups. But Carter was caught in a crossfire from most of organized labor, which wanted Dunlop. At one point, Carter aides asked AFL-CIO officials to suggest alternatives to Dunlop who would be acceptable to Labor Boss

George Meany. Back came the word: "His first, second, third and fourth choices are Dunlop."

This put Carter under increased pressure to find some women for his Cabinet—which seemed to be extraordinarily hard to do. He had one selected for the Commerce Department: Jane Cahill Pfeiffer, a former IBM vice president. But at the last moment, Pfeiffer told Carter's aides that "personal reasons" precluded her acceptance. One possible woman appointee: Patricia Roberts Harris, a Washington attorney, who could be named Secretary of Housing and Urban Development. Two other women were interviewed by Carter for possible Cabinet posts: Joan Manley, Time Inc. vice president and publisher of TIME-LIFE Books, who might be under consideration for Commerce; and Duke University Economist Juanita Kreps, a possibility for HEW or HUD.

Hung Up. Barbara Jordan, the eloquent Texas Congresswoman who could help satisfy Carter's pledges to both women and blacks by joining the Cabinet, was proving difficult to place. She announced that she wanted a job "consistent with my background" and seemed to have Attorney General in mind. Her interview with Carter last week was described as having gone poorly. Said one Jordan associate: "He did not feel comfortable with her." Although the job was not specifically offered, she ruled out consideration of the U.N. position, and her friends advised her to avoid HEW as being what one called "a bureaucratic snakepit." Some Carter advisers were afraid that if she were given Justice, she might leave as early as 1978 to run for the Senate from Texas. Others questioned whether she



BLACK LEADERS (LEFT) AFTER MEETING CARTER; SCHLESINGER ARRIVES IN PLAINS

had the management ability to run the Justice Department. Despite Young's appointment, blacks were demanding wider representation. As if to prove that he was doing his best to satisfy them, Carter took the unusual step of publicly naming three blacks who had taken themselves out of consideration for various reasons: Vernon Jordan, National Urban League executive director, who said he was too "committed to the black people and the Urban League" to consider a job; Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley, who said he was "flattered" but was determined to run for re-election; and Detroit Mayor Coleman Young, who said he thought he could be more useful trying to solve Detroit's problems than in taking the HUD position.

Carter seemed untroubled. But he did concede that he was "hung up" on one or two positions and did not expect to meet his Christmas deadline for filling the top jobs.



HAROLD BROWN IN HIS OFFICE AT THE CALIFORNIA INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

Crossfire over Defense

"I have never had a single person either with me or on the telephone ask me not to appoint Dr. Harold Brown for Secretary of Defense," Jimmy Carter insisted last week. In the narrowest sense that was apparently true. But the statement ignored the fact that some of Washington's sharpest political and bureaucratic infighters were flashing their knives to influence the President-elect's most difficult remaining personnel decision: whether to appoint the Caltech president to the Pentagon post or give the job back to James Schlesinger, who had been abruptly dumped by President Gerald Ford for resisting Ford's efforts to trim the defense budget.

Carter's first choice had been the remote but brilliant Schlesinger. In reporting to Carter on his private trip to China last fall, Schlesinger impressed the Georgian with his expertise and intellectuality. Although Schlesinger is widely seen as a hard-line hawk, Carter found they were in surprising agreement on many defense matters. Schlesinger supports Carter's call for a phased U.S. withdrawal from Korea, for example, and now agrees that \$5 billion to \$7 billion of waste can be cut from the Pentagon budget after all.

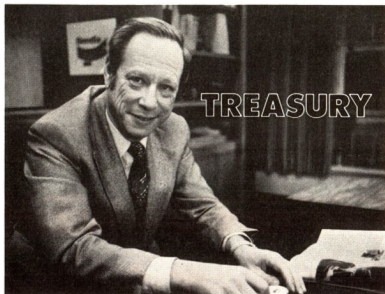
But liberal Democrats, notably Averell Harriman and Frank Church, privately advised against appointing Schlesinger. So did his successor, Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld. Some of the Pentagon's uniformed chiefs, who felt that Schlesinger sometimes treated them with contempt, also opposed him. Hoping to avoid controversy, Carter turned to Brown, a physicist who had been one of Defense Secretary Robert McNamara's prize Whiz Kids and Lyndon Johnson's Air Force Secretary during

the Viet Nam War. A skilled manager with a fuzzy ideological image (hawks consider him a bit dovish and vice versa), he seemed a safe compromise.

Then the Schlesinger advocates rallied. Aides of AFL-CIO Chief George Meany spoke in Schlesinger's behalf—though some officials speculated that labor's lobbying was partially designed to strengthen John Dunlop's chances of being named Labor Secretary ("You give us Dunlop, and we'll accept Brown," the labor aides seemed to be suggesting). Washington Senator Henry M. Jackson took up the Schlesinger cause. So, in a discreet way, did Admiral Hyman Rickover, Carter's early mentor. Also backing Schlesinger were Senate Armed Services Committee Chairman John Stennis and Appropriations Committee Chairman John McClellan.

As Senators and aides waged their fight in Washington, they persuaded some newsmen to re-examine Brown's Pentagon record. Columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak did so in a critical way, finding Brown to be inconsistent. First, he successfully resisted McNamara's efforts to abandon the bombing of North Viet Nam's military supply centers and transportation facilities (at one point Brown urged mining and bombing Haiphong harbor). Then, after the war, he pushed for faster disarmament agreements with the Soviets. In fact, the specific means of waging war are not really in conflict with ways of rendering a future war less likely or deadly. At the Pentagon, Brown is considered a master of advanced technology and as adept at handling the bureaucracy as is Schlesinger. At week's end the betting, though hedged, was still on Brown.

The Team Takes Shape



BENDIX CHAIRMAN W. MICHAEL BLUMENTHAL IN HIS DETROIT OFFICE

glomerate turning out products ranging from automobile parts to electronic equipment to mobile homes. Blumenthal was so successful that he was promoted to president of the parent company in Southfield, Mich., four years later. In 1972, he became chairman. Last December, *Dun's Review* named Bendix one of the five best-managed companies in the U.S.* Since Blumenthal took command, earnings have almost doubled, to \$3 billion, and earnings per share have increased at a compound annual rate of 21.7%. Says he: "Nothing works if you don't make money." But he also issued orders to Bendix executives not to offer bribes or engage in any other illegal transactions overseas. "This policy has not hurt us a bit."

Blumenthal's energies overflow into other concerns: foreign policy, international trade, Princeton and tennis, which he plays—more strenuously than smoothly—almost every morning at 6:30. Sometimes considered private industry's counterpart to Henry Kissinger, Blumenthal can converse in several languages with just a hint of a German accent. More than many harried executives, he sets time aside for his family: his wife Eileen, a Ph.D. in education, and their three children are currently in college. The shift to Washington will cost Blumenthal from \$500,000 to \$1 million a year in lost salary and benefits. He owns at least \$700,000 in Bendix stock, but he has not yet decided how to dispose of it to avoid conflict-of-interest problems. Whatever the cost may be, Blumenthal considers the move a step up.

*Introducing Blumenthal at his press conference, Jimmy Carter mistakenly called Bendix one of the five largest corporations in the country. According to the most recent listing by *FORTUNE*, Bendix is No. 70.

The Kid from Shanghai

W. (for Werner) Michael Blumenthal, 50, fits the Carter specifications for Cabinet officers with almost ball-bearing precision. He is a topnotch businessman with a concern for social causes. He is a Democrat but not a big spender. He favors some national economic planning but not the amount called for by the Humphrey-Hawkins full-employment bill. He is praised by labor leaders and businessmen alike. Says Douglas Fraser, a vice president of the United Auto Workers: "He is a very enlightened industrialist. His social values are solid, and he practices them."

Blumenthal's formative years were spent in Nazi Germany and then Imperial Japan. His parents were nonpracticing Jews, while he is a baptized Presbyterian. His father, who owned a women's clothing shop, was hauled off to Buchenwald in 1938 and was released only after the four-member family, including Sister Stephanie, agreed to leave the country. They booked passage to Shanghai. In his teens, Blumenthal became a streetwise Shanghai kid, but when the Japanese occupied the city, he and his family were herded into a compound, where inmates suffered disease and starvation. Blumenthal emerged from the confinement with a voracious appetite to make his way in the world.

When the American fleet arrived at the end of the war, Blumenthal hired a sampan and sailed out to greet the ships.

He received a U.S. visa in 1947 and settled in San Francisco. He recalls: "I had no commitments, no obligations, no money—nothing but opportunity." He made the most of it. To put himself through the University of California at Berkeley, he worked as a janitor, a movie ticket taker, a stagehand, a casino shill. After graduation, he enrolled in the Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs at Princeton. Within five years, he earned three degrees, including a Ph.D. in economics.

Blumenthal taught at Princeton for three years, but scholarship was too tame for his combative temperament. He took a job as vice president of Crown Cork International, a bottle-cap manufacturer. In 1961, he secured an appointment as Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Economic Affairs. When the Kennedy Round of negotiations for tariff reductions got under way, Blumenthal was made chairman of the U.S. delegation. Instructions to be tough were superfluous; that was his natural style.

No Bribes. When a tariff agreement was finally reached in 1967, Blumenthal decided to return to private industry. The New Frontier was over, and he was unhappy with the U.S. escalation in Viet Nam. He also got an offer that was almost impossible to refuse: the presidency of Bendix International, a wholly owned subsidiary of the Bendix Corp., a con-

Blumenthal on the Record

In interviews last week and in recent months with *TIME* Correspondent Edwin Reingold, W. Michael Blumenthal provided some glimpses of the policies he will pursue after he becomes Treasury Secretary.

MANAGING THE ECONOMY: "Economic indicators seem to show that some kind of stimulative action will be required soon. What form that should take and what size it should be, whether it should be action on the tax front or job-creating measures, will have to be worked out in coming weeks. The real job is to put the economy on a sound upward path, which provides more jobs and protects us from inflation by producing

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more goods and services. This, in turn, will generate more revenues, which will bring us closer to a balanced budget." Is a balanced budget conceivable? Not in one year, says he, but "it certainly can be done within the first four years and hopefully less."

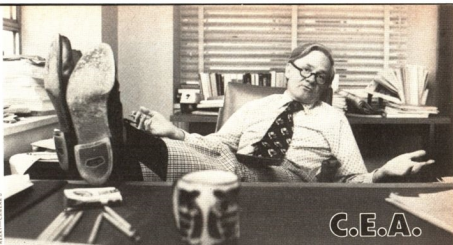
WAGE AND PRICE GUIDELINES: "I am opposed to controls. I am opposed to any action on that front because I think it's a bureaucratic nightmare that does more harm than good, and interferes in the free-market mechanism. I do believe some general goals of where we would like to see the economy go are a desirable thing."

INTERNATIONAL MONETARY POLICY: "Problems of inflation, devaluation and petrodollars intimately bind our economy and that of other nations into a common system. We are very much, all of us, involved in these problems and have to work on them together. When a country devalues its currency purely to solve a domestic economic problem, it's another way of practicing protectionism. One country follows another, and pretty soon we are all in the soup."

THE U.S. POSTURE ABROAD: "I do not believe the U.S. is well served if we go around the world waving a big stick. I think we need to protect our interests, but we need to do it calmly, sensibly and in a spirit of cooperation. . . . When 'Big John' Connally moved into Treasury, he briefly installed the notion that we weren't tough enough, that we needed to teach these people a few lessons and to flex our muscles a little and, by God, they have been dependent on us so long they had better understand that we are not to be played around with." For some time, Blumenthal says, "there has been a feeling in Europe and Japan that it's difficult to do business with the U.S. That's why, among other things, the trade negotiations in Geneva, which were started three years ago, are stalled."

Part of the problem, he argues, was Henry Kissinger, "who still doesn't know very much about foreign economic policy. I think he feels the way General De Gaulle did: this is something to be left to the quartermasters. Foreign economic policy has been a kind of stepchild in Washington to be kicked around. There has been no leadership."

TRADE WITH MOSCOW: "I think the Soviets need and want access to Western markets and our technology. We can build on all of that, but I think we ought to reassess a little what we're asking in return. I believe we might be able to get more than we've been asking for without blowing up the mutual effort to find common ground. Some say Kissinger didn't have enough fire in his belly to do this."



CHARLES SCHULTZ IN HIS OFFICE AT BROOKINGS INSTITUTION IN WASHINGTON

Jimmy's Utility Infielder

No one in the incoming Administration knows more about the intricacies of the Federal Government than Charles Louis Schultze, 52. Jimmy Carter, who has come to regard him as a sort of utility infielder, considered him for several Cabinet-level posts, including Treasury and Defense, before deciding to make him chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers. Colleagues who have watched Schultze and the President-elect work together are struck by their rapport. Says Joseph Pechman, an informal Carter adviser and a member of TIME's Board of Economists: "When Charlie talks, Carter listens. There's a special chemistry between them."

No Restraints. A pragmatic, neo-Keynesian economist, Schultze favors a temporary tax cut of undetermined size to stimulate the economy and help reduce unemployment. Unlike the present head of the CEA, Alan Greenspan, Schultze thinks it is socially disastrous to combat inflation by keeping the lid on the economy and keeping unemployment high, says fellow Economist Arthur Okun. On the other hand, Schultze, no doctrinaire, fully appreciates the dangers of inflation. It was largely his testimony that brought about the drastic revision of the Humphrey-Hawkins bill, which would attack unemployment by making the Government the employer of last resort and which he considered inflationary in its original form. He has also argued for some form of jawboning as well as wage and price guideposts to help control inflation. Whenever possible, however, he prefers to let the private sector work by itself, free of Government restraints. In fact, while Schultze remains every bit the zealous social reformer that he was as Lyndon Johnson's Budget Director, he has lately been preaching a free-market version of social activism. He has urged the Government to rely less on new laws and massive programs and more on subsidies, taxes and other incentives that might in-

duce private industry to solve problems like pollution and unemployment.

Schultze's deep interest in the impact of Government policies on the economy began during his undergraduate days at Georgetown University. After earning his bachelor's degree in 1948, he spent most of the next 20 years in various Government jobs, studying economics part time at Georgetown and the University of Maryland (Ph.D., 1960). During a brief stint as an associate professor at Indiana University in 1959-61, he originated the concept that the economic impact of the federal budget is best gauged by what the surplus or deficit would be if the economy were operating at a 4% jobless rate, which most economists then regarded as full employment. A few years later, the "full employment" budget became a key element in the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations' fiscal policies. Schultze became Assistant Director of the Budget Bureau in 1962, Director in 1965.

During his six years in the Budget job, Schultze sometimes complained that he had no time for any recreational activity except sleeping. In 1968 he resigned to teach at the University of Maryland and become a senior fellow at the Brookings Institution, where he has produced a series of critical analyses of almost every federal department. Colleagues regard him as witty and gregarious, particularly after a few beers, when he can be persuaded to sing *Lilli Marlene* in flawless German.

Since leaving the Government, Schultze has managed to spend more time with Wife Rita, a part-time librarian at George Washington University, and their six children, aged 11 to 27. Schultze and his family in recent years have become avid backpackers in the Blue Ridge Mountains, a short drive from their modest home in northwest Washington. Said a colleague: "Give Charlie some free time and an open trail,

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and he's gone." In his new job, however, Schultze will have little time for hikes, except between the Executive Office Building and the White House.

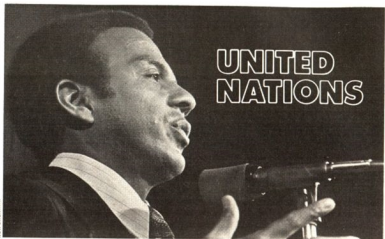
Schultze on the Record

In testimony earlier this year before a Senate subcommittee on the Humphrey-Hawkins bill, and in the Godkin Lectures on the essentials of government delivered at Harvard last month, Charles Schultze spelled out some of his ideas on the different roles of government and the private sector.

ON FIGHTING UNEMPLOYMENT: "The basic problem with achieving and maintaining full employment is not that we lack the economic tools to generate increased employment. The traditional weapons for stimulating economic activity—easy money, tax cuts and government spending for worthwhile purposes—are perfectly capable of generating an increased demand for public and private goods and services. The real problem is that every time we push the rate of unemployment toward acceptably low levels, we set off a new inflation. And, in turn, both the political and economic consequences of inflation make it impossible to achieve full employment or, once having achieved it, to keep the economy there."

ON CONTROLLING INFLATION: "I have no magic answer for how to reduce the inflation that accompanies full employment. But there are a series of steps each of which could contribute: There should be continued emphasis on programs to make unemployed youths [who can be paid low wages] more qualified for the mainstream job vacancies that appear. Substantial action is needed to deregulate areas of the economy where government stifles competition and holds up prices. Transportation is a key example. Actions that reduce the competition from imports should be avoided. Most important, we need an income policy. It cannot be across-the-board wage and price controls—they are ultimately far too rigid for a dynamic economy."

ON REGULATING BUSINESS: "We rely on market incentives to bring us food, shelter and clothing, but abjure the use of incentives when it comes to producing clean air, occupational safety and improvements in urban transportation. We segregate our approaches to social organization into two watertight compartments—command-and-control techniques for public intervention and economic incentives for the private economy. Yet there is a spectrum of alternatives between the two extremes waiting to be created through the public use of private incentives."



GEORGIA CONGRESSMAN ANDREW YOUNG SPEAKING IN HIS HOME STATE

Gadfly in a Suicide Post

There was chin wagging, eyebrow lifting and nay-saying when the announcement came that Georgia Congressman Andrew Jackson Young Jr. had been nominated as the United States Ambassador to the United Nations. Indeed, for a while the firmest nay had been that of Young himself. But last week, under what one source described as "implore by Carter to reconsider," personable Andy Young accepted what he conceded to be, only half facetiously, a suicide post, or so it has proved for many a famed political figure.

The present ambassador, William Scranton, although ideologically aligned with President Ford, urged the nomination of Young. His reasoning: Young would be in such close contact with his President that he might be able to influence national actions on the international stage, particularly in Africa, where the situation may become critical. The perceived closeness between Young and Carter is real, having both a political base (Young delivered invaluable black support to Carter) and a personal one (the fellow Georgians' knowledge of and respect for each other).

Many appraised the appointment positively. Says one former U.N. official: "Moynihan was the stick, Scranton was the carrot, and now Young can reap the benefits by innovating." According to a black diplomat, Young "could go far in changing the 'atmospheres,' and that is important since many U.N. issues are more symbolic than real."

But other U.N. observers doubt how much Young can achieve. They point out that after the fires of rhetoric have burned low and the time comes for the casting of votes or vetoes, the U.S. ambassador is expected to follow State Department instructions. Young is aware of how little he can do if his orders clash with his conscience. As he said in an

ABC-TV interview last week: "I may have to be absent on an occasion rather than cast a veto that I don't believe in"—an allusion to such issues as southern African problems and the admission of Viet Nam to the U.N.

Nor is the fact that he is a black necessarily going to help Young at the U.N. Black Africans have long resented appointments of black U.S. ambassadors to African countries, and in Young's case some Africans feel he could do them more good if he stayed in Washington.

Risky Future. Young, 44, is one of the brightest Congressmen. Defeated only in his first campaign for election to the House in 1970, he has won three later contests by ever increasing majorities. He has earned a prized place on the immensely powerful House Rules Committee, and with continuity of service he would be virtually assured of eventual succession to its chairmanship. Why he should risk so golden a political future remains a mystery to many of his supporters.

New York City (Harlem) Congressman Charles Rangel spelled out his concern for the appointee: "It takes a lot of courage for a man of Andy Young's reputation to go to the U.N. and deal with the credibility gap that we have with the Third World nations. I don't envy him. In fact, if I were a religious man, I'd be praying for him."

Through the bitter years of the civil rights battles and the uphill struggle toward power in Congress, Young has retained an almost incongruous sense of humor. "I always used to enjoy throwing out ideas on foreign policy, acting like a gadfly, just to stimulate discussion," he said last week. "Then I got involved with this peanut farmer from Georgia and everyone has started to take me seriously."

Among other attributes he will bring

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to the U.N. are a fine speaking style, an attractive family (he has four children) and an indefinable quality that makes people trust him. Also diplomatic experience in the harshest sense. As he once put it: "I was taught to fight when people called me nigger. That's when I learned that negotiation is better than fighting."

Young on the Record

When Congressman Andrew Young stepped out of the Cessna that carried him from Plains to Atlanta, only three hours after the announcement of his appointment, he was anything but ebullient. Rather, in an exclusive interview conducted in a back room of Hangar One with TIME's Atlanta bureau chief, Rudolph S. Rauch III, he was deeply thoughtful, almost somber.

What had made him reconsider his earlier decision to decline the U.N. post? "My attitude changed while I was at a conference in Lesotho earlier this month with representatives of about 27 African nations. Everywhere there was such a great expectation about the new Administration that I seemed to realize there was a unique opportunity in foreign affairs right now."

Had he been assured of playing a substantive role in policymaking?

"The appointment of Cyrus Vance as Secretary of State was a very good sign to me. He is not a superstar sort—the kind who won't listen to anybody else. He told me he thought that more and more the U.N. is going to have to be not only a point from which our foreign policy is articulated, but also, because it is a listening post, a point where policy is formulated."

Did Young wring any concessions from the President-elect on how powerful his role would be?

"No, because I don't work that way. I trust him and think he trusts me. I said matter-of-factly that for me to be effective in that role I had to maintain a certain amount of integrity and sometimes independence. If I ever lost that, I wouldn't have anything to contribute to his Administration."

Who had urged him not to take the post?

"My friends: people who care for me very much. The history of our Ambassadors to the U.N. back to Lodge shows that they all tend to get raw deals. I was very much aware of the dangers. I think I'm a good enough politician to deal with them."

How does Young answer those who say he is abandoning black Americans for the world scene?

"By saying that I don't think we can solve the problems of blacks in America until we solve the problem of stabilizing the resources and the social structures in the Third World."



COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR ZBIGNIEW BRZEZINSKI IN NEW YORK CITY

A Top Job for 'Vitamin Z'

One thing about U.S. foreign policy that is sure to change under Jimmy Carter's Administration is its accent—from Henry Kissinger's German to Zbigniew Brzezinski's Polish. As the special presidential assistant for national security affairs, the brilliant 48-year-old Warsaw-born academic will share with Carter and incoming Secretary of State Cyrus Vance the primary responsibility for the conduct of America's foreign affairs. Whether he will overshadow Vance as McGeorge Bundy sometimes did Dean Rusk and Kissinger almost always did William Rogers, remains to be seen.

The author of half a dozen books (including *The Soviet Bloc and Ideology* and *Power in Soviet Politics*), Zbigniew Brzezinski (pronounced Zbig-nyeff Breh-zhin-skee) is one of the nation's top analysts of Soviet and East European affairs and of East-West relations.

Son of a diplomat, Zbig—as he is known to his colleagues—spent much of his childhood outside Poland. During the war years, the family lived in Montreal, where the senior Brzezinski served as Polish consul general, and remained there after the Communists took over Poland in 1945. A graduate of Montreal's McGill University, Zbig earned his doctorate in government at Harvard, then taught political science there from 1953 to 1960. In the meantime, he became a U.S. citizen and married Emilie ("Muska") Benes, grandniece of Eduard Benes, the Czechoslovak President who was forced out of office after the 1948 Communist putsch. After leaving Harvard, Brzezinski went to Columbia, where he now heads the Research Institute on International Change.

Affectionately called "Vitamin Z" by his secretaries at Columbia because of his intense energy, Zbig also has a self-deprecating sense of humor. Asked if he ever wrote fiction, he replied: "That depends on how you view my research."

Tutor's Role. For much of the past three years, Brzezinski has served as director of the Trilateral Commission, which seeks to further economic and political collaboration among North America, Western Europe and Japan (TIME, Dec. 20). He met Carter at a commission conference in 1973 and was one of the few who early took the peanut farmer's presidential aspirations seriously. Assuming a tutor's role, he began sending articles on foreign policy to Carter. Later he was head of the election campaign's 28-man task force on defense and foreign affairs.

Brzezinski has long been regarded as a hard-liner toward the Communists, yet he is far from a reflex cold warrior. He favors détente with Moscow but recommends greater caution and patience—and sometimes toughness—when negotiating with the Kremlin. Brzezinski also urges that the balance of power relationship with the Communist world no longer receive top priority. He calls for increased attention to the alliances with Western Europe and Japan, problems of the developing countries and global concerns like the environment and food supplies.

A harsh critic of what he calls "covert, manipulative and deceptive" diplomacy, Brzezinski is certain to advise Carter to bring not only the American public but also the allies into the early stages of policymaking. In a mock report card he drew up several years ago, he barely passed the Administration

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(marking it C) for its handling of relations with Europe, and gave it a D for its dealings with Japan. Brzezinski's most marked departure from Kissinger's approach may be in tone. While Kissinger with his cosmic sweep at times has seemed pessimistic about the U.S., Brzezinski insists he is optimistic. Says he: "I think we are on the upswing."

Brzezinski on the Record

Zbigniew Brzezinski spent three hours with TIME Correspondent Christopher Ogden before Jimmy Carter's election, discussing the problems that will soon become his daily concern.

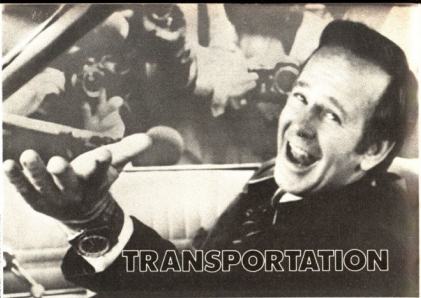
ON HENRY KISSINGER'S POLICIES: "I don't think he has been overly soft on the Soviets. I think he has overemphasized the bilateral Soviet-American relationship to the point of slighting other relationships, creating uneasiness and overselling détente."

U.S.-SOVIET RELATIONS: "We should develop closer East-West relations, but our public must be told that this relationship is competitive by history's dictates and cooperative by contemporary necessities. I don't think we can use the limited leverage we have to obtain profoundly significant systemic change in the Soviet Union."

U.S.-CHINESE TIES: "We could do more to upgrade the U.S.-Chinese relationship to minimize the possibility of a swing in China toward greater normalization with the Soviet Union. [But] I don't think the U.S. can simply abandon the security treaty with Taiwan... The U.S. cannot be a viable guarantor of anyone's existence if we wobble on a commitment to maintain the survival of a particular party."

ARMS TALKS: "It is a big mistake to tie in the strategic arms limitation talks with summits. Given the fact that our political system is truly democratic, the premium for obtaining an agreement is much higher for the President than for the Soviet General Secretary." Still, he adds, because "the asymmetries between them and us are so favorable to us in every aspect, we can afford to be patient. The scaling-down of the levels [of atomic warheads] is the most urgent business of SALT."

EURO-COMMUNISM: "We should not favor Communists in power [in Western Europe]. But to the extent that Euro-Communism is moving toward de-Stalinization and then to de-Leninization, it is something we should welcome. In the long run, it will affect Soviet control, but it's a slow process. If a West European party comes to power too soon, it could set this process back."



REPRESENTATIVE BROCK ADAMS ON HIS WAY TO MEETING WITH CARTER

His Eye Is on the Road

The law creating the office of Secretary of Transportation had hardly been signed by President Lyndon Johnson in 1966 when a second-term Congressman from Seattle pinpointed the job as his next stop on the turnpike of his political career. Last week Brock Adams (he never uses the second syllable of his baptismal name Brockman) arrived at this goal when President-elect Carter announced his nomination as Transportation's fifth Secretary.

While Adams, 49, bided his time through two Republican Administrations, he did everything possible to qualify himself for the post he coveted, accumulating extensive knowledge about the responsibilities of the department that he is now expected to head, and developing definite ideas about programs.

As a freshman, Adams was named to the House's sprawling Commerce Committee and soon made a niche for himself on its transportation subcommittee. With the then struggling Boeing aircraft plants and thousands of their employees in his home district, it was all but inevitable that he would vote in 1971 for the U.S. to develop a super-sonic passenger plane.

Deregulation Myth. Soon the SST will again be roaring around Adams: outgoing Secretary William T. Coleman Jr.'s 16-month test of the Concorde's landing and takeoff sound levels and other environmental effects at Dulles Airport near Washington, D.C., expires next summer. It will be up to Adams to decide if the flights are to continue.

It has been with respect to airlines in general that Adams has been most outspoken against the Nixon and Ford Administrations' aborted proposal for what Adams has dubbed "the myth of deregulation." Adams calls instead for turning "our thoughts to the realities of

regulation and the changes that are needed." Complete deregulation, he insists, would lead to cutthroat price competition and protect neither the airlines nor the passengers. Says Adams: "You don't need to burn the house down to roast a pig."

Reviving Railroads. On land, Adams' positions and records are even firmer. It was he who in 1970 did most to push through the legislation creating Amtrak as a first step in reviving the nation's dying railroads. In 1973 he was the primary author of the Conrail plan, merging the bankrupt Penn Central and other roads into a Northeastern network. He favors continued regulation of the trucking industry and—most important to big-city dwellers—he believes in improvements in mass transit.

Considering that the airlines, railroads, over-the-road truckers and barges are all competitive with one another at some points, it is remarkable that lobbyists for these interests have unanimously recommended Adams' nomination. The one sour note was sounded by consumer groups—taking their cue from Ralph Nader—that favor total rather than partial deregulation. But even they could not accuse Adams of being in the pocket of any interest group or lobby.

Adams will bring a touch of Georgia to the Cabinet, but not of the Carter kind. His father's Atlanta clothing store went broke during the Depression, and Adams was reared on small farms in Iowa and Oregon. A well-remembered hate: chopping wood for the family stove. A brilliant student (top in his class at the University of Washington and a law degree from Harvard), an early booster of John Kennedy, a rousing success in both Washingtons, he continues to keep a sharp eye on the road ahead. His presumed next stop: the U.S. Senate.

Idaho Has a Hot Potato

No Cabinet choice was easier for Jimmy Carter to make than that of Idaho Governor Cecil D. Andrus, 45, for Interior Secretary. He was the only man ever considered for the job, said Carter. A flamboyant, maverick Democrat, Andrus has built his political career on the bedrock of espousing conservation causes—a subject that much interests Carter. Andrus gained his experience in a mountainous, 83,550-sq.-mi. state, where nearly two-thirds of the land is under federal control and hence subject to intensive pressures from those who want to exploit its natural resources.

Oregon-born, the son of a sawmill operator, and a hard-driving executive who looks older than his years, Andrus served in the Idaho state senate before running unsuccessfully for Governor in 1966. The next time around, he ignored the minuscule local Democratic machine and concentrated on opposing mining interests who wanted to despoil the White Cloud Peaks—a federal recreation area—in search of molybdenum. After his election, he continued to pound at his preservation theme, winning a long and bitter fight to protect a 2,000-sq.-mi. “primitive area” from lumbering interests. Going against the wishes of local power companies, he opposed construction of a giant coal-fired electrical generator not far from the state capital of Boise. He also demanded that Atomic Energy Commission monitoring of radioactive wastes in the state be double-checked, and pushed hard to maintain Idaho’s clean air and water. A Sierra Club spokesman once called Andrus’ efforts “absolutely excellent.”

One Secret. How Idaho’s citizens felt was measurable in Andrus’ success as a Democrat—he won 70.9% of the vote in his 1974 race for Governor—in a normally Republican state. One secret of that success: his way (election year or not) of dropping in on Idaho’s communities and just walking

the streets to see how folks were faring.

Andrus’ sensitivity to man-made environmental harm was heightened by the Teton Dam disaster in eastern Idaho, which killed eleven people and caused more than \$1 billion damage (TIME, June 21). The Government agency that went ahead with the ill-fated project is the Bureau of Land Reclamation—now within Andrus’ domain.

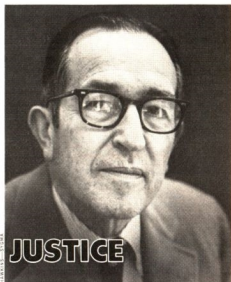
New Militancy. Where Andrus may most have to display his compassion and conscience is in coping with the land claims and welfare of the sadly neglected native Americans. About a million strong, with the highest birthrate in the U.S., the Indians are ravaged by illness, alcoholism and despair. Many are also affected by a new militancy. In Maine, the Passamaquoddy and Penobscot tribes have laid claim to 2.5 million acres of land—two-thirds of the state. Claims are pending against other tracts within the original 13 colonies. Dealing with this and other demands for native justice will require all of Andrus’ considerable diplomatic ability.

Diplomacy will also loom large in handling the nation’s vastly increased offshore area. Last April, the U.S. proclaimed a 200-mile limit in line with the intentions of the European Community and Canada. Differences remain to be ironed out with Russian and Japanese fishermen, who traditionally have prowled just beyond the old twelve-mile boundary. Interior will also be called on to regulate the rush of corporations to conduct possibly polluting searches for oil and minerals in the sea.

Andrus’ instincts lie in the right direction for such challenges. The father of three, a cheerful but bumbling golfer, and a pitchman who has used national TV to sell Idaho potatoes, Andrus will bring the flair to his job—and some of the earthy common sense—that has been little seen since the departure of Walter Hickel in 1970.

GOV. CECIL ANDRUS ASTRIDE A HORSE IN PARADE IN FRANKLIN, IDAHO

INTERIOR



GRIFFIN BELL IN ATLANTA

A 'General' Named Bell?

During the presidential campaign, Jimmy Carter emphasized the need for an Attorney General far removed from politics. Yet the man he is expected to select for the post early this week has close political as well as personal ties to Carter. Griffin B. Bell, 58, who served as a U.S. Court of Appeals judge for 14 years, has been a friend and adviser of Carter’s since the President-elect became Georgia’s Governor in 1971. Though Bell held no official position in the campaign, he was consulted by both Carter and his aides.

Bell’s probable appointment seems to indicate that Carter has reverted to the more traditional practice of choosing as Attorney General a man who may be counted upon not to take policy stands in opposition to his boss. The choice, however, is likely to meet some resistance. Though Carter apparently had Bell in mind from the beginning, he permitted a number of others to think they were in the running, including Congresswoman Barbara Jordan; Burke Marshall, Assistant Attorney General in the Kennedy Administration; John Doar, counsel for the House of Representatives during the impeachment proceedings; U.S. Court of Appeals Judge Shirley Hufstader; and U.S. District Judges Frank Johnson and A. Leon Higginbotham.

Complains a top Washington lawyer: “The Carter people have played a game from the start. Bell has been the choice all along, yet they have dangled the office in front of a lot of people they were never serious about. More serious.

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and certain to leave a residue of resentment, is the fact that they teased so many capable blacks."

The Carter camp insists that the selection is based on merit. An aide claims that when Carter requested recommendations, people told him, "You've got the best man in the country right down there in Atlanta"—meaning Bell. Outgoing Attorney General Edward Levi praises Bell as a "very distinguished appointment." Another top official in the Justice Department describes Bell as an above-average appeals-court judge. He also thinks that Bell may turn out to be an above-average Attorney General.

In his native parts, Bell is esteemed as a good lawyer and an even better organizer with a quiet, can-do style. Born in Americus, Ga., a mere ten miles from Plains, Bell is a Baptist, like his new boss. Also like Carter, he is a country boy who made good. After attending Georgia Southwestern College and Mercer University Law School, he eventu-

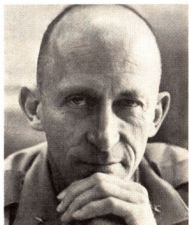
ally joined a prestigious Atlanta firm. In 1960, he served as co-chairman of John Kennedy's Georgia campaign. After the election, he was appointed to the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals.

When the court came to grips with a host of civil rights cases, Bell emerged as a moderate. He wrote the opinion outlawing Georgia's county unit system, which vastly overrepresented rural areas. Last March, he resigned from the court and joined a law firm where Charles Kirbo, Carter's senior adviser, is a partner.

Bell pledges to run an independent Justice Department with appointments based on merit. "I would consider my entire life a failure," he says, if he were to refrain from investigating the Carter Administration should the need arise. But he also indicates that he will approach his job with a certain restraint. "I think we have too many crimes," Bell once said, "and I definitely have the view that we have too many laws."

ARMED FORCES

A Barrage Hits West Point's Code



GENERAL ULMER IS UNDER FIRE

Honor is a learning process, but it is being taught badly where it is the most esteemed: West Point. This is the harsh conclusion of two reports issued last week, offering some of the toughest criticism the 174-year-old academy has ever received. Shortly before the studies were made public, the commandant of cadets, Brigadier General Walter Ulmer Jr., was abruptly transferred.

The major report was drawn up by a six-man commission appointed by Army Secretary Martin Hoffmann to investigate last spring's cheating scandal (TIME cover, June 7). Wrote Commission Chairman Frank Borman, the former astronaut, in a letter to Hoffmann accompanying the 91-page study: "We believe that education concerning the honor code has been inadequate and the administration of the honor code has been inconsistent and, at times, corrupt. The cadets did cheat, but were not solely at fault. Their culpability must be viewed against the unrestrained growth of the 'cool-on-honor' subculture at the academy, the gross inadequacies in the honor system, the failure of the academy to act decisively with respect to known honor problems, and other academy shortcomings."

The commission did not find fault with the honor code in principle: "A cadet will not lie, cheat, steal or tolerate those who do." However, it urged some sharp modifications of the stern system. At present, it is all or nothing: if a cadet fibs about anything, however trivial, out he goes. But the system has broken down. The commission estimated that far more than the 152 juniors who were dismissed from West Point for cheating on an electrical engineering exam last spring were actually involved.

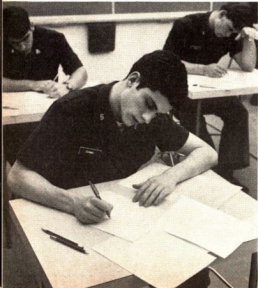
Said the report: "The commission is equally persuaded that scores of other violations of the honor code have gone undetected or unpunished and that during recent years, a substantial number of cadets have been involved in dishonesty, toleration and, on occasion, misconduct as honor representatives."

The commission recommended that West Point modify its policy of expulsion for code violations and impose lesser punishments for minor infractions—a practice followed by the naval and air force academies. It also suggested alternatives to tattling on erring cadets. Someone who catches a cadet violating the code might warn or counsel him. The commission urged both officers and cadets to participate in "honor education."

The report maintained that too much authority has been given to the cadets to supervise themselves, while the academy's staff has reneged on its responsibility. More emphasis, the report continued, should be placed on "high quality" education rather than on military training. The superintendent should be chosen for his educational as well as his military skills and should serve at least five years. Said Borman after the report was issued: "We should try to prevent a Fort Benning-on-the-Hudson attitude from creeping into the academy—which it already has."

Goddam Lawyers. The second report on the scandal was written by a general and a civilian lawyer who investigated charges that West Point defense attorneys for the accused cadets had been harassed and penalized for doing their job. Some of the charges proved to be true. General Ulmer complained: "The goddam lawyers are ruining the Army." The general, the report declared, "does not understand the role of the military lawyer. In our opinion, his remarks were unjustified and harassing, as claimed." Some West Pointers feel Ulmer has been made "the fall guy" for the entire scandal. He is being replaced by a much admired West Point scholar (class of '54): Brigadier General John ("No Holds") Bard, 47, a Rhodes scholar who earned a master's degree in aeronautical engineering at the University of Michigan and is currently executive to NATO Commander General Alexander Haig.

Army Secretary Hoffmann promised to act on the recommendations of the two reports. Even if he decides to reinstate the dismissed cadets, it is questionable how many will return since they have gone on to other things. Any change in the honor system must be approved by the cadets themselves, who only this month narrowly failed to reach the two-thirds vote necessary to amend the current system. But the weight of the Borman report is expected to change enough minds to modify the code in a subsequent vote. Says Cadet Peter Eschenbach, class of '78: "I used to be a hard-liner about the code, but after seeing my friends fall by the wayside, I feel differently."



EXAM PROBLEMS CONTINUE FOR CADETS

CRIME

Pity Those Who Take Pot Luck

Three late bulletins from the grass roots:

► At 1 a.m. on a blustery near-zero night last week, 25 law officers hiding in hip-high brush watched silently as a huge DC-6 cargo plane dropped low over Highway 611, rolled down a landing strip of a tiny Pennsylvania airport and lumbered to a stop at runway's end. For almost an hour, while the law shivered under blankets only yards away, the plane sat motionless; the only sound was the static of radio chatter emanating from people who watched from other vantage points near by. Then three rented vans, a Mercedes sedan, a Chevrolet station wagon and a Ford van pulled up to the plane, and the unloading of burlap bales of highly prized Colombian marijuana began. Two hours later, with half the plane's cargo removed, the police charged from the bushes, acting so quickly that they captured without a struggle all the handlers, aircraft personnel and two lookouts, a total of eleven men.

Thus ended a dramatic stake-out at the Mount Pocono airfield that involved U.S. customs and border-patrol agents, Federal Drug Enforcement officials and Pennsylvania state police. The cops' sporadic watch had begun last month, following a tip that a mysterious chartered plane might land somewhere in Pennsylvania with illegal goods.

Then, a few hours before its arrival, the police got word that a U.S. customs pursuit plane with sophisticated surveillance gear had intercepted the charter as it winged its way over Key West. The airborne feds tracked the intruder up the coast, warning local police in Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, Maryland and finally Pennsylvania that the plane might touch down at any time.

The authorities' vigilance was highly rewarding. The squad unknowingly captured the chief plane of "Pot Air Line," a transportation enterprise financed by the Mafia. Seized were eight tons of marijuana, with a street value as high as \$16 million, the largest shipment of pot ever flown into the U.S.

The lost pot was sure to heat up tempers in New York. Officials believe that New York Mafia Leader Carmine ("Lillo") Galante had bankrolled the DC-6 flight for \$500,000 (based on roughly \$20 a pound—the Bogotá rate—plus \$180,000 for the plane and other transportation costs). Galante has long wanted to re-establish the New York mob in the narcotics trade. Since the death of Carlo Gambino last fall, he has been struggling with another mobster, Aniello Dellacroce, for control of the New York underworld (TIME, Nov. 1). The plane's loss can hardly help Galante's leader-

ship bid. Meanwhile, the feds can add a big new airplane to their fleet, which now totals 68; all but eleven were seized from high-flying smugglers.

► Exactly 13½ hours after the DC-6 touchdown at Mount Pocono, a young American walked onto the 19th floor of a commercial office building in downtown Bogotá and pumped three hollow-point bullets into Octavio González, 38, chief of the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration in Colombia. González slumped to the floor dead. The gunman quickly reloaded and, while secretaries scattered, fired several more shots before putting the revolver to his head and killing himself.

The bloody murder and suicide had no known connection with the Mount Pocono arrests. The murderer—Thomas Charles Cole, 25, a Viet Nam veteran and native of Wellsboro, Pa., whom U.S. lawmen in Philadelphia were investigating for murder and credit-card fraud—went last month to the Philadelphia DEA office offering to sell information on cocaine operations in Colombia, which he had visited earlier. Now the world's principal source for clandestine narcotics traffic, Colombia produces almost 85% of the world's illicit cocaine and its finest marijuana. Agents referred Cole to Bogotá's DEA station. He arrived there early this month and saw González, a tough, astute drug investigator.

A few days later Cole returned to see González, insisting upon payment for apparently valueless information. When González refused, Cole disappeared into a bathroom. Authorities think he snorted some cocaine there, before he came out with his gun blazing. González was the fourth federal drug-enforcement agent killed this year.

► Pot smuggling flourishes in the United States, if the exploits of one dog

in Georgia attest to anything. A German shepherd named Blitz who trots down the aisles of Amtrak trains during five-minute stopovers in Savannah, Ga., has sniffed out more than a ton of marijuana in the past 18 months. Last week the canine sleuth, who takes commands only in his native German tongue, spotted a valise containing 40 lbs. of pot. Police immediately grabbed the two male owners of the suitcase, who were on their way to New York. (Federal authorities now use more than 100 drug-sniffing dogs.)

Blitz has also been trained to smell out heroin, cocaine and some barbiturates. He can search a house in 15 minutes, while a narcotics agent might take two hours. Blitz's feats have drawn so much publicity that police sources say there is an \$8,000 contract out on him. But his effect on U.S. marijuana traffic is modest. The feds confiscate about 1,000 tons of grass a year—only about 10% of the estimated traffic.

CAPTURED "POT AIR LINE" DC-6



MIDDLE EAST

The Palestinians: Hopes for a Homeland

They are realistic, they very much want recognition from Washington. They are trying to present the best face they can.

This observation, made last week by one of the Ford Administration's senior Middle East analysts, referred to the Palestine Liberation Organization, the umbrella group that Arab states have recognized as the sole legitimate bargaining agent for the 3 million Palestinians scattered throughout the Middle East. Although badly battered from its losing role in the Lebanese civil war, the P.L.O. remains an important force. A delicate diplomatic problem facing the new Carter Administration is whether, how and in what capacity Palestinian representatives ought to be invited to any Middle East peace negotiations that take place in 1977.

Initial Ministate. Many Israeli officials agree that Palestinians should eventually be involved in any peace talks, but they also insist that the P.L.O. must be excluded—even though its leaders are currently talking in unexpectedly moderate tones. Last week P.L.O. Chairman Yasser Arafat told a meeting of his 42-member Central Committee in Damascus that the Palestinians are now prepared to accept as their initial goal the creation of a Palestinian ministate. As most Palestinians now envision it, the state would consist of the

Jordan West Bank and the Gaza Strip. Arafat also warned that any Palestinian group that rejected the idea—meaning primarily George Habash's Marxist, uncompromising Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine—must read itself out of the P.L.O.

As a kind of counterpoint to Arafat's decree, Palestinian students in the West Bank last week took to the streets once more in rock-throwing demonstrations. Later, Arab storekeepers called a general strike that closed down West

Bank shops for a day. Ostensibly, the protests were directed against a new 8% sales tax imposed on occupied territories as well as Israel itself. Basically, though, the Palestinians were acting out their anger against Israeli military authorities, who have been their rulers since the 1967 Six-Day War. Says Bethlehem's Arab mayor, Elias Freij: "Until a Palestinian state is established on the West Bank, there cannot be any peace between us and the Israelis."

Israel has always insisted that any West Bank-Gaza entity must exist in some kind of political and economic federation with Jordan. The Israelis have a legitimate security worry about having a new confrontation state on their borders, dominated by the hated P.L.O. They are also mildly concerned about the threat of 2 million exiled Palestinians coming to join a million kinsmen who live in the West Bank and Gaza.

National Identity. That fear is somewhat unrealistic, since "home" for most of the Palestinians means not the West Bank but towns within Israel that they might expect to visit some day but certainly not to liberate. Actually, what the Palestinians want most of all is the sense of national identity that would arise from statehood. Just as many Jews in the Diaspora were given a new sense of pride and hope by the creation of Israel; so also would the Palestinian refugees escape from the tarnish of being



ARAB DEMONSTRATOR UNDER ARREST

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THE WORLD

second-class citizens of nowhere if a state of their own were founded.

Some Palestinians, of course, are already thinking about their prospective new homeland in practical economic terms. These "Jews of the Arab world," as other Arabs haughtily refer to Palestinians, are already involved in tourism, real estate, banking and engineering elsewhere in the Middle East. They envision a Palestinian state that would become a kind of Middle Eastern Liechtenstein, offering a corporate base at easy tax rates for companies that wanted to operate in the Middle East. They assume that wealthy Arab states like Saudi Arabia would underwrite the costs of building a new country.

Whatever economic problems face a Palestinian state are nothing compared to the political one. Most of the West Bank's mayors and community leaders, like Freij, support the goals of the P.L.O., but they also feel they have earned the right to power for having endured and survived under the Israeli occupation. Arafat and other fedayeen leaders, meanwhile, consider themselves the genuine representatives of the Palestinian spirit for having fought abroad. A conflict between the two different views is inescapable.

Skeptical Doves. Israeli military governors are already warning West Bank leaders who might be expected to attend a P.L.O. parliament meeting scheduled in Cairo next month that they will not be allowed back if they go. Even Israeli doves are skeptical about whether Arafat, who once threatened to throw the Israelis into the sea, can be trusted with peaceable statecraft. For that reason, the Israelis will insist in any negotiations over the West Bank's future that they be allowed to maintain military posts along the Jordan River, which separates Israel proper from the West Bank. As an added protection against the future, they have so far established 68 settlements in the occupied territories, spotted roughly along the geographic lines that Israel hopes will become its borders in the future.

The Israeli timetable for relinquishing the occupied territories, according to TIME Correspondent Donald Neff, is between ten and 20 years. During that time, if the Palestinians demonstrate their peaceful intentions, the Israeli occupiers will gracefully and gradually withdraw. But the timetable has been speeded up now that the Lebanese civil war has been settled, and Arab states, at least, are once more moving toward broader peace negotiations. Not only in Damascus, Cairo and Riyadh but even in Washington, Middle East observers are now saying that sizable steps toward peace must occur in 1977. If they do not, Palestinian leaders now receptive to a settlement may be replaced by less moderate ones who are still determined to destroy Israel in what they see as the only solution to the Middle East's problems.

PORTUGAL

The Socialists Perform Their Encore

Question: Why is the government like a turkey?

Answer: Because it can't possibly get through Christmas.

That oft-told Lisbon wheeze reflected widespread doubts about how long the government of Socialist Premier Mario Soares could stay in office. Last week, though, the Socialists—like Mark Twain—could claim that reports of their demise had been greatly exaggerated. In crucial balloting for 45,000 local officials and mayoralties, the Socialists confounded their political opponents and, in spite of a divisive intraparty fight, won what amounted to a qualified vote of confidence for Soares.

Dangerous Polarity. The Socialists picked up 33% of the vote, down slightly from the 35% they got in parliamentary elections last April. The moderate Social Democrats remained in second place with 24%. The Communists, running with two minor radical parties under a United People's Electoral Front banner, staged an unexpectedly strong comeback from the June presidential elections, when their candidate got less than 8%, to take third place with 18%. The conservative Center Social Democrats (C.D.S.) got 17%. The big losers were the far-left supporters of Major Otelo Saraiva de Carvalho, who drew off many Communist votes in June; this time they got 2.5%.

Soares, who had hinted he might resign if his party was heavily outpolled, attributed the Socialists' victory to fear of further instability. Said he: "The people consider that a defeat of the Social-

ists would endanger the political and economic stability of the country." Yet the pattern of the voting showed that the country is politically divided and dangerously polarized. The conservative Catholic north and the islands of Madeira and the Azores went overwhelmingly to the Social Democrats and the C.D.S., while the agricultural Alentejo region in the south is under the control of the Communists. The Socialists' strength stems primarily from urban areas, where workers' pay and their fringe benefits have been markedly improved.

The Communists' strong hold on the Alentejo (see box) seems certain to hamper the government's control of agrarian reform in the area; attempts to return some farm lands seized by dissident workers to their original owners have already led to violence. Last week five Communists were arrested and charged with defying government authority for organizing demonstrations; in Beja, the newly elected parish council threatened a general strike unless they were released. So far, 2.5 million acres have been nationalized or expropriated under the program and turned into cooperatives and collective farms; another 1.8 million acres are slated to be taken over. The amount of land to be returned is about 50,000 acres, less than 2% of the total expropriated. But the Communist-controlled farm unions object to the parcels chosen to be returned, and Communist Party Chief Alvaro Cunhal warned that the Socialists will now "have to respect the will of the people in the Alentejo." Agriculture Minister

SOCIALIST PREMIER SOARES



COMMUNIST LEADER CUNHAL



THE WORLD

António Barreto temporarily suspended government credit to some cooperatives that had not rendered accounts and warned that Lisbon will not allow the Alentejo to become a Communist state-within-a-state.

An even more worrisome problem for Soares' government in the months ahead is Portugal's economy. Inflation is currently running at 19%. A 60% surcharge has been slapped on all imported luxuries, but the country still must import 52% of its food. Meat and vegetables are often missing from grocers' shelves. A popular satirical musical playing in Lisbon called *O Bombo da Festa* (literally, parade drum) shows a housewife going through her kitchen and finding only one potato. "We cannot even call the *cozido à portuguesa* [Portu-

guese boiled dinner] our own any more," she says. "The meat is Argentine, the potatoes are French, the carrots are Russian." When the government recently proposed that part of the extra month's salary that most workers get as a Christmas bonus be paid in long-term government bonds instead of cash, there was a howl of protest. Asked one irate worker: "How would a General Motors employee like to receive his Christmas bonus in Confederate money?"

Stable Zone. Soares admits that restoring faith in Portugal's economy is his biggest worry. "If we can create economic stability," he told TIME's Martha de la Cal, "democracy can be maintained. If we can't, then a military dictatorship of the right or the left could be the consequence. That is why I have

insisted on the U.S., Europe and the Common Market helping to support our economy so a zone of stability will be maintained on the Iberian Peninsula."

Some help is on the way. Last month the Ford Administration decided to give Soares' government a \$300 million emergency loan to help tide it over its immediate budget deficit. Washington also promised to seek congressional approval for U.S. participation in a \$1.5 billion consortium with Western Europe to bolster the Lisbon government. The Socialists' strong showing in last week's elections should give a boost to that proposal. But first Soares will have to get his budget through the National Assembly. Since both the Social Democrats and the C.D.S. are opposed to it, his government could be on the line once more.

Change Comes to the Alentejo

At 5 o'clock every weekday afternoon, the tractors begin returning to the Cacebres Cooperative near the Portuguese town of Alcácer do Sal. Behind them, through the gates decorated with the hammer and sickle, come truckloads of workers returning from the fields. Many of them are women, attired, as they have been for centuries, in full black dresses over thick trousers, their hair covered by black kerchiefs knotted under black felt hats. "This cooperative has 10,000 acres, and it all used to belong to two men who only hired a few workers when they needed them," says Francisco Antonio Pombinho, 42, a worker in the co-op's machine shop. "Now there are 300 of us, and we work all the year round."

This is the Alentejo, a sprawling province of gently rolling hills dotted with olive, cork and eucalyptus trees and punctuated by whitewashed villages, set between the bustling capital of Lisbon, the Spanish border and the Algarve seacoast. Despite its Old World customs and deceptively placid appearance, the region has changed drastically over the past two years. The Alentejo was once a feudal preserve of absentee landlords, poor tenant farmers who worked for as little as \$2 a day, vast private hunting estates, and wasted land whose inhabitants often went hungry. Now it is a Communist stronghold.

"The name means 'beyond the Tagus'—*alem do Tejo*—and dates from the 1200s when the Moors occupied the territory south of the Tagus River."

PEASANTS RETURNING FROM WORK TO THEIR COOPERATIVE IN THE ALENTEJO



Such poverty provided a fertile ground for Communism as far back as the 1930s. Party Leader Alvaro Cunhal, 62, spent many years in the Communist underground there organizing farm workers. Through the clandestinely published party newspaper *Avante*, which was surreptitiously dropped on doorsteps at night, the party organized a series of strikes in the 1950s—then a daring affront to the Salazar regime.

After the 1974 revolution, Cunhal returned to the Alentejo to receive one of his warmest public welcomes. The *latifundiários* (large landowners) got the message quickly. Some fled to Brazil, and their workers took over the unoccupied lands. Others were forcibly evicted. In one incident that has come to be called "the Great Cattle War," some workers were about to sell a landowner's cows when the owner caught them and beat them up. The army was called in, and soon the cows were under military protection in a barracks. Eventually, the military turned them over to the local agrarian reform organization. But the angry owner had decided to give the cows to another town as a gift. Soon the two towns were doing battle. The affair finally ended when a committee of workers decided to divide the cows between the two villages.

Today there are an estimated 400 cooperatives in the province, proclaiming their Communist allegiance with names like Red Star Cooperative and First of May Cooperative. Although production costs are criticized as being excessively high, the Alentejo in some ways has become a showcase of the revolution: 50,000 new jobs were created—thanks largely to millions of dollars loaned by the government for equipment and wages. Says Joaquim Pinto Parulas, a tractor driver who used to have to leave his family to work in Lisbon: "Now I am here all year and have plenty of work. The salary is not as high as in Lisbon, but we are happier on the land."



KING JUAN CARLOS & QUEEN SOFIA CASTING THEIR BALLOTS IN THE REFERENDUM

SPAIN

A Resounding Sí for Democracy

Speak, people, speak. This is the moment. Don't listen to those who say stay silent. Don't let anyone decide for you.

Urged on by an electronic barrage of such jingles, nearly four-fifths of Spain's 23 million voters—including King Juan Carlos and Queen Sofia—turned out last week for the country's first free vote since 1936. By a resounding 94.2%, the political reform bill drafted by Premier Adolfo Suárez's five-month-old government was approved, setting the stage for the election next spring of a bicameral legislature.

For Suárez, the referendum was another triumphant step on his tightrope walk toward democracy. Spain's leftists, who had urged abstention, coaxed 22.5% of the voters into staying away from the polls. Diehard Franquistas, who viewed the reform as "the antechamber of Communism," were thoroughly repudiated; only 2.6% of the voters cast opposing ballots. "The people," said Christian Democratic Leader Joaquín Ruiz-Giménez, "are not for a return to formulas that have died forever."

Suárez's victory was doubly impressive, since the referendum came four days after the kidnapping of Antonio María Oriol y Urujo, 63, an influential Basque financier who, as chief of the Council of State, is Spain's fourth-ranking official. Oriol was taken from his downtown Madrid office by gunmen from a leftist organization known as G.R.A.P.O. (First of October Anti-Fascist Resistance Group), who at first demanded the release of 15, then all political prisoners from Spanish jails.

Fearful of a rightist backlash and possible violence on referendum day, Suárez canceled a last-minute campaign trip to the restive northern region of Cat-

alonia to supervise the search for Oriol's kidnapers. In a dramatic TV address minutes before the Friday "execution" deadline set by the terrorists, Suárez's Interior Minister Rodolfo Martín Villa said that the government could not accept "blackmail and coercion" and had tried every channel of "worthy and humanitarian" solution to the kidnapping. If Oriol is killed, Villa vowed, his kidnapers will be hunted down.

Key Areas. For the moment, Oriol's abduction eclipsed the law that the voters approved last week. Under it the legislature will consist of a 350-member lower house, elected by proportional representation, and an upper house of 248 seats, 207 elected by majority from Spain's provinces, the balance appointed by King Juan Carlos. Critics charge that the bill is vague in some key areas and could give old guard conservatives decisive advantages in the coming elections. It also grants substantial, perhaps necessary, power to Juan Carlos, and leaves the rightist-dominated Council of the Realm untouched.

The extent of autonomy to be granted Spain's disaffected regions—the Basque country and Catalonia—is unresolved. So is the thorny question of when and if Spain's roughly 500,000-strong Communist Party will be legalized. In his boldest challenge so far to the government's continuing ban, Communist Chief Santiago Carrillo surfaced in a downtown Madrid apartment for a clandestine press conference five days before last week's referendum. Announcing that his party would mount a full slate of candidates in next year's election, Carrillo warned that if the Communists are forced underground, the government would be responsible for the "consequences."

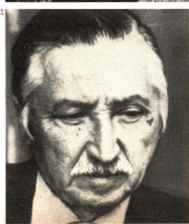
DIPLOMACY

Objects of Barter

Since the right-wing military junta of General Augusto Pinochet seized power in Chile three years ago, nothing but insults have been exchanged by Santiago and Moscow. So when Strongman Pinochet ostentatiously offered to give the Kremlin his country's top Communist prisoner in exchange for a jailed Russian writer last month, his proposal was widely dismissed as a futile gesture designed to mute critics of his oppressive regime. Last week the improbable bargain was consummated. In exchange for the release of Chilean Communist Party Chief Luis Corvalán, 60, the Kremlin freed Dissident Vladimir Bukovsky, 33, who was serving a seven-year sentence for "anti-Soviet agitation."

No one seemed more surprised by the unprecedented swap of political prisoners than Corvalán and Bukovsky. Until Thursday of last week, Bukovsky had been immured in the infamous Vladimir Prison in central Russia. Moved on Friday to a Moscow jail, the Russian began to suspect that something was afoot. But not until he was placed aboard a specially chartered Aeroflot jet bound for Zurich did he know that he had been freed. Bukovsky's mother Nina, his sister Olga and his nephew Mikhail were also flown to Switzerland to join him in exile. Simultaneously, Corvalán was snatched from prison near Santiago and

BUKOVSKY IN ZURICH AFTER SWAP



THE WORLD

put aboard a flight to Zurich with his wife Lilly. The solemn exchange took place on a remote runway nearly a mile from Zurich's Kloten Airport. Corvalán was then flown to Moscow for a hero's welcome and star billing at Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev's 70th birthday party on Sunday.

Bukovsky, who has been the object of a worldwide campaign for his release, looked wan and ill after eleven years spent in Soviet jails, concentration camps and police-run lunatic asylums. "I am happy but not feeling well," he told reporters, holding up his wrists to show the marks left by handcuffs.

Unfolding Mystery. Negotiations for the swap had been carried out under tight security wraps. As the mystery unfolded last week, the U.S. Government acknowledged its crucial role as intermediary between Chile and the U.S.S.R., which have no diplomatic relations. Last month the Chilean junta, anxious to polish up its image in Washington, released about 300 political prisoners, while holding on to Corvalán for an exchange that would have dramatic public relations value. Washington suggested that Bukovsky would be a candidate for a swap. Acting as go-betweens in discussions between Chilean and Soviet diplomats in Washington were the State Department's Harry Shlaudeman and the National Security Council's William G. Hyland.

"The Soviets were intrigued from the start by the idea of the exchange," noted one top U.S. official. Indeed, the Kremlin had long and loudly campaigned for the release of Corvalán, who headed Latin America's largest Communist Party and holds the Order of Lenin, the Soviets' top peacetime decoration. "Corvalán is a splendid prize for the Kremlin," observed British Sovietologist Leopold Labedz. "He can now be set up as the highly visible and potent center for Communist opposition to the Chilean junta." Bukovsky, on the other hand, had proved to be a considerable embarrassment to the Kremlin as the symbol of harsh Soviet repression of dissidents.

Both Santiago and Moscow quickly tried to make capital out of the exchange. At a Washington press conference, Chilean Ambassador Manuel Trucco declared that 383 Chilean political prisoners had also been freed recently, neglecting to mention that 650 others are still behind bars. In Moscow the official press agency, Tass, jubilantly reported that the Soviet government had provided Corvalán with the "opportunity of coming to the U.S.S.R.," without mentioning Bukovsky. At week's end one respected Latin American newspaper, Buenos Aires' *La Opinión*, commented: "The exchange demonstrates that Santiago and Moscow have very similar concepts about the value of freedom and of people; both invoke elevated principles but reduce man to an object of barter."



JAMAICAN PRIME MINISTER MICHAEL MANLEY ADDRESSES RALLY OF HIS FOLLOWERS

JAMAICA

Castro's Pal Wins Again

"We are not going to be ruled by violence but by heavy manners. No one can hold us back. We know where we are going." Those were the campaign promises—despite little evidence to back up any one of them—that Prime Minister Michael Manley, 53, made to Jamaica's 860,000 voters. But Manley's pitch was apparently convincing enough. Last week the Prime Minister and his People's National Party (P.N.P.) returned to power with 48 of 60 seats in the newly expanded Jamaican parliament, gaining 58% of the popular vote. Now Manley may find that more than "heavy manners"—slang for discipline—will be required to save the country from bankruptcy and bloodshed.

The election campaign was the most violent in Jamaican history. It was fought between the socialist P.N.P. and the free-enterprise opposition Jamaica Labor Party (J.L.P.), led by Onetime Finance Minister Edward Seaga, 46. The J.L.P. attacked Manley for financial mismanagement and more or less accused the Prime Minister of trying to turn Jamaica into a satellite of Fidel Castro's Cuba. For their part, Manley's followers talked of "J.L.P. policy and the fascist threat," while Manley himself declared that "the capitalist system has failed us."

The bitterness of the campaign caused an explosion of violence and random killings from the ghettos of West Kingston to all of Jamaica. Politicized young thugs stalked the streets of Kingston during the three-week election campaign, assaulting supporters of the other side. Police estimate that at least twelve people were killed during the campaign,

thereby raising Jamaica's political-murder toll this year to more than 200. Finally, authorities were forced to ban all political rallies, which had acted as magnets for the thugs.

Political chaos was made worse by Jamaica's economic disorder, for which Manley has to shoulder some of the blame. For the past two years he has been committed to what he calls "democratic socialism"—meaning buying into the island's huge bauxite industry and lavish doses of public spending on labor-intensive road building and land reform.

Case of Jitters. Manley's new policy directions, as well as his undisguised admiration for Fidel Castro, have given Jamaica's small and relatively conservative middle class a bad case of the jitters. Many Jamaican business families have established second residences abroad. Income from tourism has dropped from \$120 million in 1975 to an expected \$90 million this year as a result of the violence; bauxite and sugar exports, two of the country's other major foreign-exchange earners, suffer from shrunken international markets. The upshot is that Jamaica faces a staggering \$1 billion national debt. Inflation is running at nearly 15% this year, while the unemployment rate on the island is 27%—and almost twice as high in West Kingston.

It remains to be seen how Manley plans to restore both prosperity and tranquility to his troubled, gemlike country. As the campaign proved, the ultimate in "heavy manners"—a state of emergency that Manley declared last June to curb island violence—apparently failed to do much good.

SOVIET UNION

Brezhnev: A Comfortable Hero

Not since Stalin became a septuagenarian in 1949 has there been such an outpouring of praise in the Soviet Union. Newspapers daily headlined Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev's long record of accomplishments. He was festooned with medals from the Communist states of Eastern Europe. His life was depicted in a documentary film, his collected speeches were issued in new editions, and the official news agency Tass carried a synopsis of his career that covered eleven feet of Teletype paper. These celebrations underscored Brezhnev's position as the sole survivor among the big-power leaders of the past decade. Lyndon Johnson, Charles de Gaulle and Mao Tse-tung are dead. The two men with whom he fashioned the concept of détente—Richard Nixon and Willy Brandt—no longer lead. Last week, as Brezhnev reached his 70th birthday, TIME's Moscow correspondent Marsh Clark cabled this assessment of the Soviet leader:

Brezhnev at 70 looks in robust health, negating rumors over the past three years that he was nearing the end of the road because of cancer or leukemia, gout or heart trouble. He has given up smoking at the insistence of his doctors. He puts in a busy schedule. His one concession to age is that he now wears a hearing aid in public. There is no indication that he plans to retire voluntarily, which would be an unprecedented action for the top Soviet leader.

Potential rivals have been dealt with ruthlessly. One, the relatively youthful Alexander Sholepin, 58, was dismissed from the Politburo almost two years ago and has not been heard of since. The sin of Whiz Kid Sholepin was that he tried to build a political base from which to promote his own post-Brezhnev candidacy for the top post. Another highly regarded younger man, Dmitri Polyansky, 59, had the misfortune of presiding as Minister of Agriculture during last year's disastrously poor grain harvest. Brezhnev blamed the harvest on bad weather but sent Polyansky packing as Ambassador to Japan anyway.

Brezhnev's departure from power could set off a struggle for succession, since there is no designated heir. The closest thing to a favorite has been Andrei Kirilenko, a colorless functionary who sometimes stands in for Brezhnev when he is on vacation. But Kirilenko is also 70.

It would be reasonable to look for Brezhnev's heir among leaders now in their middle or late 50s. In this age group, though, the Kremlin's cupboard

is nearly bare. Only three of the 15 Politburo members are under 60; only one of these, Fyodor Kulakov, 58, appears to be correctly positioned for a run at the top job. Kulakov, an agronomist and highly visible Brezhnev protégé, delivered the keynote speech at this year's traditional observation of the Bolshevik Revolution.

Brezhnev inherited many problems from his rambunctious, buccaneering predecessor, Nikita Khrushchev—icy relations with the West, a desire for more freedom in the Soviet satellite states of Eastern Europe, an economy retarded by the chaotic situation in ag-



BREZHNEV DURING A RECENT VISIT TO ROMANIA
Collegial rule, but also a cult of personality.

riculture brought about by Khrushchev's constant tinkering.

Brezhnev did not make the mistake of moving all the way toward one-man power, as Khrushchev did during his last days. Therefore, responsibility for success or failure could be shared with other members of the Politburo. Brezhnev—praised by Richard Nixon more than once as the shrewdest of shrewd politicians—accomplished "collegial" rule with astonishing success. He has nonetheless had mixed results in foreign policy, his principal achievement having been to convince his colleagues that détente with the West is desirable and necessary. The thriving state of Communist parties in Italy, France and elsewhere is taken by Moscow as proof of capitalism's weakness—although Brezhnev is less pleased that these par-

ties are successfully resisting the notion that all ideological truth emanates from Moscow. Brezhnev's main failure has been in the Middle East, where two of the Kremlin's most trusted clients, the Syrians and the Palestinians, spent much of this year shooting at each other. Another old ally, Egypt, has abrogated its Treaty of Friendship and Cooperation with the Soviet Union.

Brezhnev has approved increases in the Soviet military budget that have financed an unparalleled improvement in Russian missilery and a vast enlargement of the Soviet navy. This has sparked a lively debate about the need for strengthening NATO and has undoubtedly caused the U.S. to keep its defense spending up.

Nonetheless, observers in Moscow detect a distinct mellowness in some Brezhnev-dictated policies. Last month he passed word through outgoing Treasury Secretary William Simon to the President-elect that the Soviet Union has no intention of testing Carter in the early days of his Administration. In the wake of the death of Arch-enemy Mao, Brezhnev has guided Soviet policy toward China along distinctly conciliatory lines. Said he recently: "There are no issues that could not be resolved in the spirit of good-neighborliness [between Russia and China]."

There remain nagging problems at home. Despite what appears to be a record grain crop in 1976 (about 223 million metric tons), Brezhnev was forced to announce this fall that he intends to plow \$228 billion more into the farm sector in the next five years, acknowledging that this would crimp other sectors of the economy. He attacked shortcomings in efficiency and quality, and the "puny, partial improvements" in production of consumer goods, but offered little hope for improvement.

With his new marshal's uniform decked out in numerous awards and medals, with his name glorified in official journals and his words studied by every Russian schoolchild, Brezhnev can scarcely avoid the charge that he has created a cult of personality that may soon rival that of Stalin or Mao. Brezhnev is comfortable in his hero's role, but, particularly in the Soviet Union, fame is fleeting. Stalin's name is not often mentioned, and Khrushchev's has been expunged from the official language. Yet when Khrushchev celebrated his own 70th birthday in 1964, it was Brezhnev who led the cheering: "Dear Nikita Sergeyevich, your marvelous deeds have won you the love of all our party, the whole Soviet people. This fills our hearts with joy and pride in you." Six months later, Khrushchev was unceremoniously pitched out of office, and Brezhnev took over.

California Split: Dog Bites Dog

In the early days of the century, when typewriters were upright and competition was downright dirty, American newspapers used to rake each other's muck with all the verve they now expend on erring politicians. These days most papers observe an unwritten rule: Thou shalt not take a poke at another practitioner. Last week, however, one of the nation's biggest dailies, the Los Angeles *Times* (circ. 1,005,000), threw a haymaker at a smaller paper in nearby Long Beach, the *Independent, Press-Telegram*. In a rambling 20,000-word account spread over seven pages, the *Times* accused the Long Beach paper of, among other things:

- ▶ Virtually dictating city policies by manipulating a weak city manager for more than a decade, and by placing its executives on important city agencies.

- ▶ Exercising veto power over major economic development projects, in one case causing a developer to cancel plans for a much-needed luxury hotel that city officials had already approved.

- ▶ Systematically suppressing unfavorable news about the city, especially city projects in which its executives were directly involved.

- ▶ Secretly financing a weekly newspaper that printed scurrilous personal attacks against local reformers who had organized a movement to recall politicians supported by the daily.

Times editors insist that they did not set out to do an exposé of the Long Beach paper. They dispatched Reporters George Reasons and Mike Goodman to the city six months ago, they claim, solely to investigate a rash of municipal scandals and fiscal problems. "The situation we found was a surprise to all of us," says *Times* Editor William Thomas. "But [the paper] was a natural focus, so we wrote it that way. I can say that I have never seen a story quite like this."

Neither had the *Independent, Press-Telegram*, which cried foul with its own Page One story and an editorial the next day. "A bunch of innuendoes," snapped Daniel H. Ridder, editor and publisher of the Long Beach paper (circ. 149,000). Since Ridder's family merged its 19 newspapers into the 16-paper Knight chain last year, the Long Beach daily has lowered its profile in local civic affairs; thus, many of the *Times* allegations are outdated. But Ridder defends even the previous heavy involvement. Says he: "The newspaper ought to be involved in promoting the community and serving on civic boards." Ridder added, in his editorial riposte, that *Times* executives have been known to dabble outside their pages in Los Angeles affairs.

Indeed, veteran American journal-

ists note that the Chandler family, which controls the *Times*, once dominated the region's Republican Party to much the same extent as the *Independent, Press-Telegram* is accused of having controlled Long Beach. Furthermore, the *I. P.-T.* used its pages to criticize the Chandler family in the 1950s for trying to saddle Los Angeles with a concert hall that would carry the name of Dorothy Chandler but require public financing. (The plan was later altered to the *I. P.-T.*'s satisfaction.) Was the *Times* getting even? Or was it trying to grab readers away from its Long Beach rival? Or was it simply reporting a good story?

Whatever the motivation, the *Times*'s allegations struck some sympathetic chords. Mary Ellis Carlton, veteran urban-affairs reporter for the *I. P.-T.*, agreed that the paper has suppressed many of her reports about city problems; last week she resigned. Some editors at other California papers found the whole affair at least as interesting as dog bites dog, if not man bites dog. Said Sacramento *Bee* (and former Los Angeles *Times*) Managing Editor Frank McCulloch: "It's the first indication that we're going to break out of the gentlemen's club and rap each other. I think it's refreshing as hell."

Calling in the Cavalry

In Clinton, Ill., a farming hamlet 150 miles southwest of Chicago, a reporter for the weekly DeWitt County *Observer* (circ. 3,150) got a tip last October on the biggest story of her life. In a five-hour taped interview, a source spilled out a tale of corruption and brutality involving County Sheriff Keith V. Long,

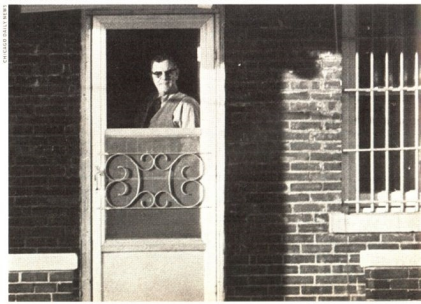
57, whose gruff manner and thick down-state drawl seem right out of *In the Heat of the Night*. Trouble was, Reporter Charlene Hettinger, 39, and a colleague, Edith Brady, 22, kept running into brick walls as they tried to check the story out. The local townsfolk and officials were afraid to talk. Recalls Hettinger: "We were buffaloed."

Then the cavalry arrived. Through a state official, Reporter Larry Green of the Chicago *Daily News* (circ. 374,000) learned of the *Observer*'s predicament and got his own paper's approval to combine forces on the story. Green, 35, and another *News* reporter, Rob Warden, 36, started probing this month. Local lips unbuttoned. Says Hettinger: "The *Daily News* had enough clout that people opened up like Niagara Falls."

Last week the *Observer* and the *News* simultaneously published an exposé that accused the sheriff of misuse of funds, nepotism, violence and gross noncompliance with the law. It reported that inmates in the county jail had been black-jacked, Maced and sexually assaulted; one man said his broken leg went without medical attention for five days. The newspapers also alleged that Long had employees kick back 2% of their pay into what may be a political fund. The report quotes Long as boasting: "I am the law."

In the wake of the joint exposé, the county attorney asked a judge to appoint a special prosecutor to look into the charges; state and federal law enforcement officials launched their own investigations. It all reminds some Clinton citizens of what Abraham Lincoln said in 1858 as he stood three blocks from what is now Long's jail: "You can fool all the people part of the time, and part of the people all of the time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time."

SHERIFF LONG IN THE DOORWAY OF THE DEWITT COUNTY (ILL.) JAIL



NEW! PALL MALL RED WITH A FILTER

...it's milder

America's
best-tasting
cigarette...
made to taste
even milder
with a filter.

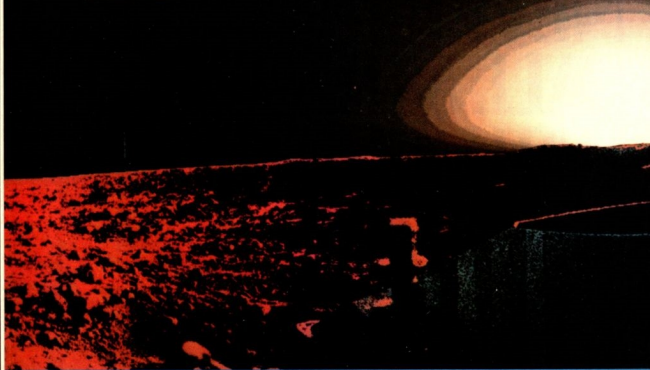
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SUNSET ON MARS



ORION NEBULA



CRAB NEBULA IN TAURUS



Photographed by the Viking 1 lander, the closest star—the sun—sets through the thin atmosphere of Mars (top). New stars, some formed as recently as 100,000 years ago, illuminate the Orion Nebula (left), the gigantic cloud in which they were born. Still-expanding Crab Nebula (above) is glowing remnant of a supernova, or exploding star, recorded by Chinese astronomers in A.D. 1054.

COVER STORY

STARS

When they had heard the king, they went their way; and lo, the star which they had seen in the East went before them, till it came to rest over the place where the child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced exceedingly with great joy...

—Matthew 2:9-10

For nearly 2,000 years, astronomers, theologians, skeptics and believers have pondered the story of the star of Bethlehem. Did some celestial display actually mark Jesus' birth, or is the biblical reference merely figurative? Did a new star really appear in the heavens? Could it have been what contemporary astronomers call a supernova, or exploding star? A comet? Or might the "star" really have been a juxtaposition of two of the brighter planets?

The true answers to these questions may never be learned, though the guesses are improving (see box). In a sense it scarcely matters, for what is most significant about the star of Bethlehem is not whether it existed or what it was, but what it symbolizes. Spangling the night sky, the unattainable stars have always invoked reverence and wonder. It was natural for those recording the birth



ROBERT VAN NUN

The Holy Light

Was there really a bright star nearly 20 centuries ago that guided the wise men from their lands in the east to the manger in Bethlehem? There are those who dismiss the star as nothing more than a metaphor; many ancient civilizations believed that new stars heralded the birth of almost any king or conqueror. Stars, after all, are said to have greeted the births of Mithridates and Alexander. But others take the Christmas star more literally, and not without reason. Astronomical records show that there were several significant celestial events around the time of Jesus' birth.

Astronomers and scientists generally agree that the bright light in the sky that led the wise men to Jesus' birthplace was probably not a supernova, or exploding star. Such stellar catastrophes are far too spectacular to escape general notice, and with the exception of Matthew, none of the Apostles or King Herod mentions such a brilliant star near the time that Jesus was born. Nor does a comet seem

likely to have been the Christmas star. True, Halley's comet, which was first seen in 240 B.C., reappeared in 12 B.C. But that was several years before the earliest date on which Jesus could have been born. In any case, neither Halley's nor any lesser comets that appeared in succeeding years would have been regarded as the bearers of tidings of great joy; to the sky watchers of that troubled time, comets were generally omens of evil.

But there is one kind of celestial display that could account for Matthew's reference to the star of Bethlehem. Studies of early calendars and historical records of the events immediately preceding and following the nativity suggest to many scholars that Jesus was probably born some time during the fall of the year 7 B.C. That year the heavens offered a display that few who studied the stars would have failed to notice—three

Where Life Begins

of Christ to associate the event with a star. Even today a star, gleaming over a crèche or twinkling from the top of a Christmas tree, remains the emblem of hope. "It is not difficult to understand why a star was chosen as a symbol to mark the birth of Christ," muses Astrophysicist Jesse Greenstein of the California Institute of Technology. "Stars are more mysterious and remote than moon or sun gods. At the time of Christ, people all over the world considered them important."

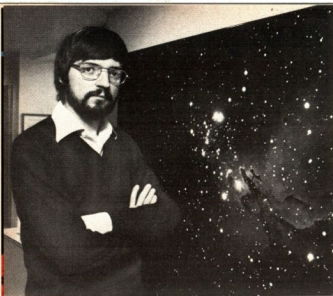
In one way, the choice of the star was more appropriate than the ancients knew. Like the infant whose birth they symbolize, stars, by living and dying, enable whole new worlds to be born. Conceived in the frigid darkness of space, stars during their lives produce the elements that make life possible and sustain it. When they die, they sow these substances like seeds across the heavens. The elements eventually become part of new stars and planets. Thus in death there is rebirth.

In fact, the earth and its star—the sun—are built in part from the ashes of dead stars, and human beings are literally star children. People—and all other forms of life on earth—are col-

times in 7 B.C. there was a conjunction of the same two planets.

Conjunctions, or what seem to be close approaches of planets in the sky, are common occurrences; they take place at periodic intervals as the planets orbit the sun at differing angular velocities. In May of 7 B.C., Jupiter, which astrologers of the period considered both a royal star and a lucky one, first moved close in the sky to Saturn, which was believed to influence the destiny of the Jews. Even more significant, this conjunction occurred in the constellation Pisces, where celestial events traditionally foretold incidents of great importance to Israel. In September of that year, Jupiter again closed in on Saturn.

Some astronomers and biblical scholars speculate that the first conjunction may have been the signal that started the Magi on their long trek to Israel; the second, the beacon that guided them on their journey. Their reasoning seems to accommodate the timetable of the Christmas story, for in December the two planets came together for a third time, as if on cue, to show the final way to Bethlehem.



HARVARD UNIVERSITY ASTRONOMER CHARLES LADA



RADIOASTRONOMER BRUCE ELMGREEN WITH ANTENNA

lections of atoms forged in stellar furnaces. "All of chemistry and therefore all of life has been formed by stars," says Astrophysicist Patrick Thaddeus of NASA's Goddard Institute for Space Studies in New York City. "With the exception of hydrogen, everything in our bodies has been produced in the thermonuclear reactions within stars."

I say the whole earth and all the stars are in the sky for religion's sake.

—Walt Whitman,
Leaves of Grass



The Mesopotamians believed the stars were gods who controlled their destiny. The Sumerians apparently perceived a regularity in the grouping of stars, and used their knowledge of stellar movements to help mark the passage of the seasons and fix the times for planting and harvesting. The Assyrians assumed that the stars determined man's fate, and regarded the movement of planets into various constellations as omens of good or evil.

The Greeks philosophized about the physical nature of stars. Xenophanes, who lived in the 6th century B.C., argued that heavenly bodies were luminous clouds, rather than gods. Anaximander of Miletus described the sky as a sphere surrounded on the outside by wheels of fire; the stars, he thought, were the lights of these fires shining through tubelike breathing holes in the sky. Another citizen of Miletus, Anaximenes, believed the stars were fixed like nails to the vault of the heavens. Aristotle maintained that celestial objects were permanent, immutable and perfect. His notion so influenced Greek thought that when the astronomer Hipparchus spotted what seemed to be a new star in 134 B.C., he attributed his discovery to an omission by his predecessors. He also

compiled the first accurate star map so that future sky watchers would be spared his dilemma.

In the Middle Ages, Copernicus displaced earth from its position at the center of the solar system. But Aristotle's thinking continued to dominate astronomy until 1572, when Tycho Brahe observed a bright new star (which scientists now know was a supernova, or exploding star) near the constellation Cassiopeia. Beyond any doubt, it had not previously been visible. Other blows to Aristotelian cosmology followed swiftly. By early in the 17th century, Galileo had used his telescope to discover spots on the sun—demonstrating that the solar complexion was somewhat less than perfect—and to prove that the sky was filled with stars that could not be seen with the naked eye.

In 1718 Astronomer Edmund Halley of comet fame showed that Sirius, Procyon and Arcturus had changed positions—relative to other stars—since Greek times, establishing for the first time that the stars were not fixed in the heavens. By the early 1900s, astronomers had learned that the sun was merely one of billions of stars in a disc-shaped galaxy, or island of stars, then believed by many to constitute the entire universe. In 1920 Harlow Shapley calculated that the galaxy, called the Milky Way, was some 300,000 light years* in diameter, a distance too stupendous for most people to comprehend, and about three times larger than today's estimates of its size. But the boundaries of the universe were not yet in sight. Using ever larger telescopes, astronomers discovered that some of the "stars" thought to be part of the Milky Way were actually other galaxies—each containing billions of stars and lying far beyond the Milky Way's outermost limits.

Now, using such instruments as the huge 200-in. optical telescope on Mount

*A light year, the distance traveled by light in one year, is some 6 trillion miles.

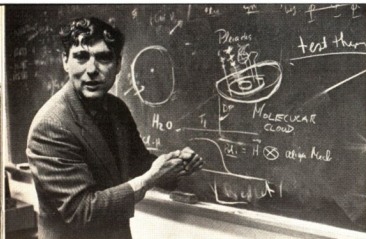
Palomar and newer radio, X-ray and gamma-ray telescopes, modern-day stargazers have pushed the frontiers of understanding even closer to the edges of the universe and into the very cores of the stars. With increasing confidence, astrophysicists are answering some of the questions that man has asked from the time he became a rational being: How far away are the stars? What makes them shine? How long have they been there, and will they exist forever?

In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. The earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the Spirit of God was moving over the face of the waters. And God said, "Let there be light," and there was light.

—Genesis 1

Most cosmologists—scientists who study the structure and evolution of the universe—agree that the biblical account of creation, in imagining an initial void, may be uncannily close to the truth. The universe, they believe, is the expanding remnant of a huge fireball that was created 20 billion years ago by the explosion of a giant primordial atom. The debris of the fireball, like the fragments of a titanic bomb, is still speeding outward from this cataclysmic blast, which started the process that produces not only stars and planets but also the complex structures of life. This startling concept, called the big bang theory, picked up its first substantial scientific support in 1929, when Astronomer Edwin Hubble used shifts in the spectral lines of light emanating from distant galaxies to calculate that the islands of stars are moving at tremendous speeds away from the earth—and from each other—like dots painted on the surface of an expanding balloon. To some scientists, this outward rush of the galaxies suggested an original cosmic explosion.

In 1965 Princeton Physicist Robert



NASA ASTROPHYSICIST PATRICK THADDEUS AT BLACKBOARD Searching for molecules of interstellar compost.

Dicke determined that if the universe indeed began as a fireball filled with intense radiation, a trace of that radiation should still exist and be detectable with a sensitive radio antenna. By a serendipitous coincidence, in the same year Arno Penzias and Robert Wilson of Bell Laboratories were using just such an antenna to listen to radio waves from the Milky Way. They had been puzzled by a faint background noise that seemed to be coming evenly from all parts of the sky. When they heard about Dicke's work, however, and compared the frequency and intensity of their radiation with his predictions, the mystery faded. Like radio listeners pulling out of the night the signal of a faraway station, they had picked up the hissing echoes of creation.

Building on these discoveries, scientists can now envision a still expanding universe that began almost 20 billion years ago, extends for 20 billion light years and contains 10 billion galaxies—each one an island of hundreds of billions of stars. Looking into the star-filled firmament, astronomers actually perceive a four-dimensional universe, one that has the added measure of time. Traveling at 186,000 miles per second, the light that long ago left distant stars and galaxies is only now reaching the earth. Thus man sees the nearby sun as it was little more than eight minutes ago; the nearest star to the sun, Proxima Centauri, as it was about four years ago; and some of the farther galaxies as they looked billions of years ago. Peering into the heavens then is like looking back into time, and some of the stars that astronomers see may no longer exist. Truly, as André Schwarz-Bart wrote in *The Last of the Just*: "Our eyes register the light of dead stars."

As stars die, however, others are born. In our galaxy and in galaxies yet to be discovered, stars are going through a continuous cycle of birth, life and death. Indeed, there are places where

the observer who knows what to look for can practically see stars forming before his eyes. These star wombs are great clouds of gas and dust floating in interstellar space. Like the clouds that formed in the expanding primordial fireball shortly after the big bang, they consist mostly of nature's simplest molecule, hydrogen. A star is born when some force, perhaps a shock wave, drives enough of the hydrogen molecules in a cloud sufficiently close to one another that they are held together by their mutual gravity. As a result, a huge pocket of condensed gas, trillions of miles across, is formed at the edge of the larger cloud. In a model proposed by Astronomers Bruce Elmegreen and Charles Lada of the Harvard-Smithsonian Center for Astrophysics, shock waves from the ignition of earlier massive stars help create the conditions for the birth of other stars from the same cloud.



critical level of 20 million degrees F., hot enough to cause fusion—the awesome process that occurs in a detonating hydrogen bomb.

Long since stripped of their electrons by the high temperatures, the nuclei of the hydrogen atoms slam together at tremendous speeds, fusing to form helium and releasing huge amounts of energy. Though the nuclear fires have been lit, the actual ignition is



PIONEER SKYWATCHER NICOLAUS COPERNICUS

hidden deep within the interstellar clouds. "Nature very discreetly pulls the curtain over the act of birth," says Thaddeus. But the infant star soon makes its presence known, shining through and illuminating the obscuring cloud. This process is occurring in the Orion Nebula (see color page), the illuminated portion of a gigantic cloud of gas and dust that is giving birth to new stars. Some of the stars spawned by the nebula have been formed as recently as the time when the human species first stood upright; the newest offspring are only about 100,000 years old—mere infants by stellar standards.

The fusion of hydrogen to form helium marks the beginning of a long and stable period in the evolution of the star—a combination of adolescence and middle age that constitutes 99% of the lifespan of a sun-size star. During this period, the tremendous energy radiating from the star's center neutralizes its gravitational force, and the great glowing orb shrinks no further. But as it must to all stars, death eventually comes. How long a star lives depends on its mass. Generally, the more massive a star is, the shorter its life is. Stars with a mass significantly greater than that of the sun burn their fuel in a profligate manner and die young: a star ten times as massive as the sun, for example, burns 1,000 times faster and survives only 100 million years. The sun, which is some 5 billion years old, is only at the mid-point in life. Smaller stars, on the other hand, are the Methuselahs of the celestial community. A star with one-tenth the mass of the sun can burn for a trillion years.



VIEW OF SPIRAL NEBULA IN THE CONSTELLATION URSA MAJOR
An island of stars in the sea of space.

*Overhead, without any fuss, the stars
were going out.*

—Arthur Clarke, *The Nine Billion
Names of God*

In Clarke's haunting story, the stars switch off—like lights in an office building at closing time—when mankind has fulfilled its purpose and determined all the names of God. In fact, stars do go out, but for reasons that are much more complex, and in a variety of ways: some end with a whimper, others with a bang.

The beginning of the end comes when the star has exhausted much of the hydrogen near its core and starts to burn the hydrogen in its outer layers. This process causes the star gradually to turn red and swell to 100 times its previous size, pouring out prodigious amounts of energy. Betelgeuse, in the constellation Orion, is such a "red giant," visible to the naked eye. When the sun undergoes a similar metamorphosis, it will envelop Mercury and Venus and vaporize the earth. By that time, 5 billion years from now, man's descendants may have found a new home in an outer planet or beyond.

A star's red-giant phase lasts until the hydrogen in the layer around the core is exhausted, perhaps as long as a billion years. The stage that follows is short-lived. Its fires banked, the star is deprived of the outward radiation pressure. It contracts violently, driving the core temperature up again, until it reaches 200 million degrees. That is hot enough to ignite the helium, which fuses into a still heavier element: carbon. Its radiation energy restored, the star zooms back toward red-giant status 100 times faster than it took to get there the first time.

What happens after the helium is consumed depends on the size of the star. If a star's mass is no more than about four times that of the sun, its second red-giant stage may be its death rattle. As the star contracts again, its gravitational energy cannot produce enough heat to fuse carbon into heavier elements. But as its internal temperature rises, the out-

er envelope expands and cools. Held loosely by gravity, the outer layers then slough off into space in a billow of gas. All that is left behind is the core, which continues contracting into a ball a few thousand miles in diameter with a density of tons per cubic inch. The result is a "white dwarf," hotter than the surface of the sun but only about the size of the earth and ready to enter a long period of stellar senility. As the millenniums pass, the white dwarf gradually loses its heat, turning first yellow, then red; eventually, its fires burn out entirely, leaving behind a "black dwarf," a cold cinder in the graveyard of space.

Many large stars manage to lose much of their mass as they evolve, shedding their matter as gas and dust. If they manage to shed sufficient mass, in fact, they can die quietly as white dwarfs. But for stars with a mass greater than four times that of the sun, the end may be far more dramatic. In these giant stars, fusion does not end when all the helium has been converted into carbon.

In some of the massive stars, in a catastrophic event known as a supernova, the carbon core explodes, dispersing most of the elements it has produced into space. Stars of more than eight solar masses may go through several more contracting and expanding cycles, forming elements such as magnesium, silicon, sulfur, cobalt, nickel and ultimately iron. When the star has formed an iron core, its fate is sealed. It begins to contract again, but does not have enough gravity to cause fusion of the densely packed nuclei of iron. Instead of being suspended again by the energy of a re-kindled nuclear fire, the great mass of the star continues to fall toward the core, unable to resist the pull of its own gravity.

This event is also catastrophic. In a matter of seconds, a star that has lived several million years caves in with a devastating crash, most of its material

crushing into an incredibly dense and small sphere at the center. Then, like a giant spring, the star rebounds from this collapse in a massive explosion. The result is another kind of supernova, a fantastic explosion that blows the star to smithereens, dispersing into space most of the remaining elements that it has manufactured during its lifetime. So brilliant is the light from the exploding star that it briefly outshines all of the galaxy's other billions of stars combined. The last supernova observed in the Milky Way Galaxy was seen by Johannes Kepler in 1604.

What remains after this explosion again depends on the size of the star. Its death throes may leave behind a rapidly spinning, incredibly dense sphere (about ten miles in diameter), consisting only of tightly packed neutrons. Such an object, called a neutron star, or pulsar, has been located in the center of the Crab Nebula, a glowing cloud that is still expanding from a supernova reported by the Chinese in A.D. 1054.

A very massive star may have an even stranger fate. Driven by its own immense gravitation, it collapses through its neutron star stage, crushing its matter into a volume so small that it virtually ceases to exist. The gravity of its tiny remnant is so great that nothing, not even light, can escape from it. All external evidence of its presence disappears, and the star, like the Cheshire cat, vanishes, leaving behind only the grin of its disembodied gravity. Anything that fell into such a "black hole" would quite literally be crushed out of existence.

Because black holes emit no light or other radiation, their existence, predicted by the laws of relativity, cannot be confirmed by direct observation, but it can be inferred. Astronomers have identified a powerful X-ray source in the constellation Cygnus. Some suspect the source, which has been labeled Cygnus X-1, may be just such a black hole. It appears to be rotating with a visible star around a common center of gravity—a dead partner of a dual-star system. Scientists believe material from the glowing star is being drawn into the black hole with such force that the material becomes hot enough to emit X rays.

While neutron stars and black holes can result from the death of massive stars, the explosions that precede them create elements essential to the birth of new stars and spread through the universe the materials essential to life. "Stars have two purposes," says Stanford University Astrophysicist Robert Wagoner. "They give energy in the form of light, and they produce the heavy elements that we are made of."

Indeed, scientists believe hydrogen and helium were the only two elements in the primordial universe. But when



SCIENCE

stars formed in the clouds of these two gases, they began the manufacture of the other elements now found in nature. That this sequence occurred seems to be supported by spectral-line evidence in starlight. Older stars, formed when the universe was young, have only traces of the heavier elements. Stars born more recently have more of the heavy elements produced by their predecessors. Those currently forming in interstellar dust clouds can be expected to have significant proportions of the atoms produced in celestial forges. Says Thaddeus of the clouds: "We can see the lovely fertilizer, this compost heap just sitting there waiting to be consumed in star formation."

The great interstellar clouds also contain another kind of fertilizer. In 1963 a team of researchers from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the Lincoln Laboratory used a radio telescope to discover the hydroxyl radical (two-thirds of the water molecule) in space. Since then, more than three dozen molecules have been found floating in the galactic clouds, including those of methane, formaldehyde, ammonia, hydrogen cyanide, ethyl alcohol and carbon monoxide.

These findings were particularly exciting in light of a classic experiment carried out in 1953 by Stanley Miller and Harold Urey at the University of Chicago. They discovered that when electric sparks were sent through water vapor, ammonia and methane in a sealed container, they combined to form amino acids, the building blocks of protein found in living organisms. Says Astrophysicist Herbert Friedman of the Naval Research Laboratory in Washington: "We believe the gas in space can form complex molecules that can eventually lead to life."

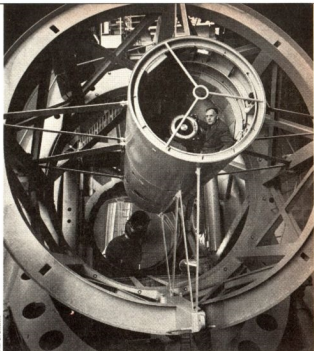
The implications are staggering. Though the space between the stars seems hostile to the formation of life, the evidence that organic chemistry is not unique to earth makes it probable that life exists on planets elsewhere. The universe contains billions of sunlike stars built from the remains of earlier stellar explosions. Many of them may well have planets, which some scientists believe condense from a disc of gas and dust that forms around a developing star.

The search for life elsewhere in the universe is already under way. NASA scientists are still analyzing the data gathered by the Viking landers that touched down on Mars last summer, and will conduct more experiments to discover if life exists on the solar-system planet that most closely resembles our own. Radioastronomers, meanwhile, have beamed coded signals toward the stars to let any other civilization know that intelligent life exists on earth; they have also been listening with their huge antennas, hoping to pick up the message of an extraterrestrial society eager to communicate with other beings.

How long will the stars keep burning? Most astrophysicists believe the universe lacks sufficient matter to stop its expansion. Thus, they say, the universe will continue to expand indefinitely, and the stars in time will consume the vast supply of hydrogen. Star formation will slow and then stop, and the last stars will blink out, bringing an end to all activity in the universe.

Still, says Astronomer Geoffrey Burbidge of the University of California at San Diego, "cosmology has much in common with religion; both rely on a very small measure of information and a very large measure of belief." However, for all scientists have learned in recent years about the universe, the abyss of the incomprehensible, the limits of the unknowable, remain to challenge human logic and intelligence. To the ultimate question—what existed before the big bang—most of modern science is mute. Says Northwestern University Astronomer J. Allen Hynek: "In science, it's against the rules to ask questions when we have no way of approaching the answers."

But within the gigantic framework of the universe that can be perceived and studied, some astronomers cling to

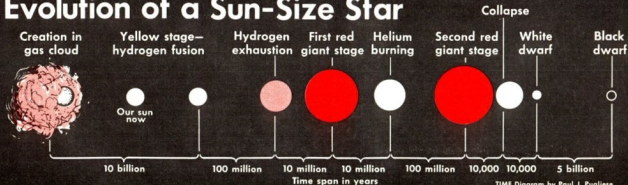


EDWIN HUBBLE & MOUNT PALOMAR TELESCOPE
In the beginning, there was a bang.

a more optimistic belief: there is enough matter in the universe to halt the expansion, and the onrushing star-filled galaxies will eventually slow to a stop, then begin rushing back through space until they crash together to re-form the primordial atom. Then, say the optimists, the giant atom will explode again, sending its fragments flying outward to re-create the cosmos and life itself in an oscillating, never-ending cycle.

Whichever scenario is correct, says Astrophysicist Greenstein, "I find a certain pleasure and honor in belonging to the universe of stars, of these events that have created the materials of which the earth and I are made." It is a sentiment many can echo. The final consolation has always been, as humanity looking upward measured its own finiteness against the infinity of the stars, that it is better to have been for a season, even a moment, than not to have been at all. The stars thus are no less symbols in their newly understood mortality than they were, seemingly eternal in their courses, in remote times.

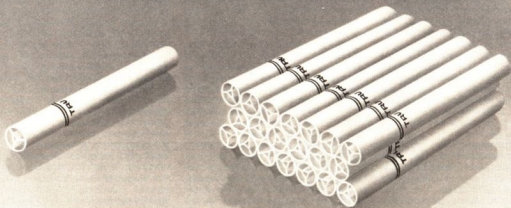
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The Greening of Old Kong

KING KONG

Directed by JOHN GUILLERMIN

Screenplay by LORENZO SEMPLER JR.

This is the year's inescapable movie. Nothing anyone says about it is going to quell the curiosity of the multitudes regarding this, the biggest comeback of them all. Nor should it. The special effects are marvelous, the good-humored script is comic-bookish without being excessively campy, and there are two excellent performances. One is by Charles Grodin as the leader of the expedition that starts out looking for oil and ends up with this large, furry problem on its hands. Grodin plays the honcho as a hard-baller of the sort that used to hang around the Nixon White House and creates a vicious, accurate parody of one of our more distressing contemporary types. The other is, of course, by that combination of men and machinery that create the Mighty Kong. The expressive range they have provided for him is far wider than that of any previous movie monster. Damned if one doesn't begin to feel for and with him, as his wicked capitalist captors exploit him in order to sell gasoline.

King Cupcake. It is a great technical achievement (TIME, Oct. 25). It is also an aesthetic mistake, particularly disappointing to those who had seen the movie's highly promising first half at press screenings earlier this year. It was Aristotle's prescription that tragedy should evoke a blend of pity and terror. In *Kong* the balance is tipped too far toward pity. He's such a nice guy, such a cupcake really, that one never feels that Jessica Lange, playing the light of his life, is in any true danger.

There was something darkly enigmatic about the original Kong. Fay Wray had stirred the softer side of his nature and forced him, as it were, to re-examine some of his premises. But no matter how tenderly he picked her up, one never knew whether he would lose control of his enormous strength and destroy what he seemed to love. The very blankness of his expression reinforced the anxiety. When the old Kong breaks loose in New York, he is angry—no question about it. He will have his vengeance on his captors and on those who come to gawk at his pain. The new Kong does accidentally mangle a few people, but there's no real rage in him.

It is technology that betrays the new Kong. He smiles, he frowns, he looks sad. He is, in short, capable of subtle responses, and so, one is neither puzzled by him nor genuinely frightened. In particular, this vitiates the movie's climax. When the first Kong got his lady friend up on top of the Empire

State Building, it was a matter of some suspense as to whether his rage might extend to her. When he saw her to safety before turning to make his last stand against the biplanes, it was a definitive revelation of character, a supremely touching act. In the new film it has been established that he is one of nature's noblemen, and will certainly save her. The movie's end has nothing like the power of the first version's climax, with its sudden resolution of conflicting emotions about him.

As the new *Kong* has marched relentlessly to the screen, defenders of the 1933 version have been insisting loudly that no matter how much new technique was lavished on the remake, it could not match the original. They were right. *Kong* is a primal dream work, a symbolization of some deep and basic social anxiety of the species—and the only one created directly for the movies, having no ready roots in literature or folklore. The crudities, the enigma of the original Kong's expression, are part of that work's strength. The wowing Technicolor virtuosity of the remake reduces the tale's mythic resonances and turns it into a safe PG entertainment. It may be that though the legend of Kong works on something that is perpetually childlike in everyone, it was never meant for children.

Richard Schickel

With *King Kong* set to swing into 2,200 theaters and 17 countries, the great ape's publicity agents have been beating their drums with predictable frenzy. To celebrate the Paris opening, Paramount workers in Hollywood dismantled a 40-ft. Kong model used in the film,

shipped it on trucks to New York, then by cargo jet to France. Last week while crowds gathered, the reassembled simian superstar lay in state halfway up the Champs-Élysées with all the grandeur of an embalmed potentate.

West German publicists made do by wheeling 15-ft.-tall Kong statues into 25 of the country's biggest movie houses. In Britain there are *King Kong* competitions. Among the prizes is a free trip to Hollywood for the humanoid who best answers the question: "When was the last time people made a monkey out of you?"

In Italy full-page newspaper ads offered free Kong posters to anyone who returned the accompanying coupon. "I expected about 10,000 requests, and instead we've had more than 200,000," lamented Publicist Alberto Balestrazzi, who is now at the mercy of Italy's notoriously tardy postal system. Giveaway posters have been part of the campaign in the U.S. and Canada as well—all thanks to Paramount's massive \$5 million to \$6 million advertising budget for North America.

Retailers have been eying Kong's potential with prehensile enthusiasm. It will soon be possible to drink King Kong cocktails made from grenadine, orange juice—and bourbon—from an ape-shaped Jim Beam bottle. For kids there will be stuffed monkeys in three sizes, board games, knee socks, T shirts, lunch boxes, chewing gum and a King Kong candy bar. Though most of this stuff will go on sale too late for Christmas, shopkeepers seem to be taking the news philosophically. After all, with Producer Dino De Laurentiis already at work on *King Kong, Part II*, the monkey business is likely to continue for some time.

HOLLYWOOD'S LEADING MONKEY LIES IN STATE IN PARIS





WALTZ OF THE SNOWFLAKES IN GEORGE BALANCHINE'S FAMOUS PRODUCTION OF *NUTCRACKER* AT THE NEW YORK CITY BALLET

DANCE

'Tis the *Nutcracker* Season

"It's a fairy tale, it's magic, it's entertainment," says Choreographer George Balanchine. "It's like beautiful flowers: they don't tell you anything, but they make you feel good." Balanchine is talking about the ballet known in Germany as *Der Nussknacker*, in France as *Casse-Noisette* and throughout the English-speaking world as *The Nutcracker*. Not even Walt Disney could top it. Right on stage a Christmas tree grows magically to an enormous height. A nutcracker doll springs to life, defends its young mistress, Marie, against an army of huge mice, then turns into a young prince. A white bed, moving under its own power, transports Marie through a wintry forest and into the Land of Sweets. There she and the prince are entertained by the Sugar Plum Fairy before they fly off in a reindeer-drawn coach to eternal happiness.

Box-Office Bonanza. Prior to the 1892 premiere at the Maryinsky Theater in old St. Petersburg, Russia, Composer Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky thought that *Nutcracker* was much inferior to his *The Sleeping Beauty*. "Yes, the old fellow is getting worn out," he concluded. Tchaikovsky was one of music's great pessimists. The score is an indestructible delight. Over the years *Nutcracker* has probably played to more children, parents and lovers of both dance and make-believe than any other ballet in history.

Today, for the dance companies of the U.S. and Europe, *Nutcracker* is invariably a box-office bonanza. "It's what pays the bills for every company," said Deborah Morris of the Theater Ballet of San Francisco. For audiences it provides escape into a world of genuine magic. After her fourth *Nutcracker* at a

Boston Ballet performance led by Arthur Fiedler, 82, Linda Morton, 13, said: "I never get tired of it. That would be like getting tired of Christmas."

In its native Russia, *Nutcracker* is as much a New Year's happening as a Christmas ballet. At the Bolshoi in Moscow, there are no children's matinees and no children among the dancers. Still, tickets were impossible to come by last week. In the U.S., each year seems to bring a new production somewhere. This week at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C., the American Ballet Theater begins a two-week run with a new *Nutcracker* choreographed by and starring Mikhail Baryshnikov. In New York City, alas, Balanchine's 22-year-old production, the best and most popular of all contemporary versions, was stopped by a musicians' strike in the middle of a sold-out (\$200,000 weekly gross) five-week run.

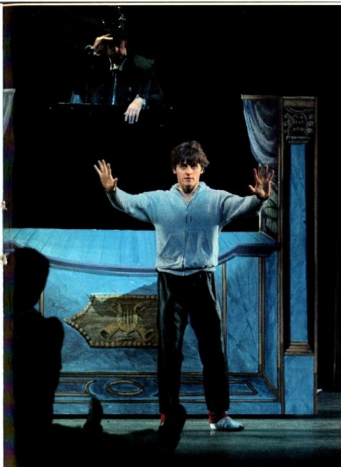
There are, perhaps forgivably, some dancers who eventually come to view the show about as charitably as a harpsichordist girding for his empty-umpteenth *Messiah*. A child might think it sheer bliss to be able to perform *The Waltz of the Snowflakes*. Says Vassilie Trunoff, ballet master of the London Festival Ballet: "I call it 'The Dance of the Cornflakes' because we've got corns on our feet from dancing it so often." There are few major dancers or choreographers whose careers have not crossed that of Herr Drosselmeyer, Marie (or Clara, as she is sometimes known) or the Sugar Plum Fairy. Dame Margot Fonteyn made her debut at Sadler's Wells in 1934 as a snowflake. Both Rudolf Nureyev and Baryshnikov danced the prince as young men in Leningrad, as did Bal-

anchine himself some 60 years ago.

Like the works of the Brothers Grimm, *The Nutcracker* is susceptible to many interpretations. The original is a story written in 1816 by that master of the grim and macabre, E.T.A. Hoffmann. The nutcracker is not only a toy but a prince imprisoned inside a wooden mask. Alexandre Dumas the Elder rewrote part of Hoffmann's gothic tale for children, and it was the Dumas version that Tchaikovsky and Choreographers Marius Petipa and Lev Ivanov used for the ballet.

Good Witch. The original ballet scenario is closely adhered to by Balanchine, but used more loosely by others. Baryshnikov, in his final rehearsals in Washington last week, seemed living proof of Balanchine's dictum: "When the great dancers take over, they want to dance." Like Nureyev, whose version has been done by London's Royal Ballet since 1968, Baryshnikov takes a psychological view of *Nutcracker*. He is not interested in waltzing flowers, child performers or even the Sugar Plum Fairy. He gives the fairy's dance to Clara, who is played by the exquisitely elfin Marianna Tcherkassky. He adds a *pas de trois* for Clara, Drosselmeyer (Alexander Minz) and himself as the prince. The dramatic interplay within this trio, as much as spectacle and pageantry, is the stuff of his *Nutcracker*.

Baryshnikov's aim is to show, through pure dance, Clara's emotional growth. He sees the ballet as "a beautiful dream, but not so innocent. Good and evil wage their battle for a child's heart." Both the good and the evil are pretty much the work of Drosselmeyer, whom Baryshnikov regards as a blend of Svangeli, Mephisto and the Good Witch of the North. Explains Barysh-



Baryshnikov rehearsing A.B.T. Nutcracker, Washington, D.C.



Nutcracker and Mouse King envisaged by Baryshnikov.



Drosselmeyer Hazavos Surmeyan at Toronto.

Warren Conover leaps at A.B.T. party.



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Above: Merle Park and Rudolph Nureyev in pas de deux at London's Royal Ballet. Right: Balanchine's Mother Ginger and brood at New York City Ballet. Below: Nutcracker signals cannoneer at New York City Ballet.



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DANCE

nikov: "In her beautiful dream, where Clara is dancing with the nutcracker prince, Drosselmeyer sees that she is very involved in an unreal beauty. He has created this experience for her, now he will destroy it. 'Come, it is time to return to reality,' he says, and in an act of sorcery, Clara is transported from the fairy-tale kingdom back to her own room. It is like life. The more you try to clutch your dream, the more quickly you wake up. It is sad, no?"

Baryshnikov's innovations are tame compared with some of the other variations that have been introduced under the guise of freshening up an old classic. In a 1929 production in Leningrad, the flowers waltzed on bicycles. Currently at the Hamburg State Opera Ballet, Choreographer John Neumeier makes Drosselmeyer a Petipa-like ballet master. Instead of going off to candy land, Marie is led by Drosselmeyer to an empty theater stage, where she learns how a ballet production develops. Neumeier's inspiration was necessity: there was no money for sets when he first staged *Nutcracker* in 1971 at the Frankfurt Ballet, and so he worked with a virtually bare stage.

Soft Shoe. One of the most radical *Nutcrackers* is the Roland Petit version, which moved from a sold-out run in Marseilles to a similarly successful stand in Paris last week. In Act I, after the nutcracker is injured, the children take up straw hats and do a soft-shoe routine. Instead of the long-legged belly dancer beloved by many American dads, a muscle-bound male in gold briefs does the traditional Arabian Dance.

It is in the U.S. that *Nutcracker* has achieved its most phenomenal popularity. The first full-length version in the U.S. was staged by the San Francisco Ballet in 1944. This year there are at least 150 professional and amateur productions. Kids everywhere vie for a role in the ballet. When they get one, they can pose problems. One San Francisco production features a box of bonbons, played by very small children. Every year some tot goes on a crying jag. Last Christmas one child conquered her stage fright by downing a quick pizza and a hot pastrami. She could barely waddle out of the candy box, and staggered bleary-eyed around the stage.

At the Houston Ballet, Artistic Director Ben Stevenson keeps the children in line by threatening to toss them out for missing one rehearsal. There is not much he can do about the parents. One mother actually strode onstage during a key rehearsal and grabbed her child away because the family was having a dinner party. "It's a chore," Stevenson confesses. "But the merit is getting the children into the theater both on the stage and in the audience." At a performance in San Antonio, he says, "you could hear the children in the audience screaming with joy when Fritz scares Clara with the rat. There is no other ballet like that."

God Is—or Is He Not?

THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA
by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

One of the undiluted pleasures of the Bicentennial year has been the multiple revivals of the plays of Tennessee Williams. The best of these dramas possess poetic eloquence, humanistic compassion and arresting vitality. It is to be hoped that one of these years the judges in Stockholm will confer upon Williams the Nobel Prize for Literature, which has been accorded to only one U.S. playwright, Eugene O'Neill.

If the production of *The Night of the Iguana* now at Manhattan's Circle in the Square Theater lacks the luminosity of the 1962 original, it is admirable in its own right, with fresh shadings of interpretation. Four castaways at the end of the frayed rope of existence are thrown together on the steaming veranda of the Costa Verde Hotel in the deep-green sea of the Mexican jungle. At its core, the play asks whether they have been forgotten by God, cursed by God, stand in any hope of God's grace or whether God exists at all.

Each of the chief characters has a gallant last-ditch tenacity that is the mark of Williams' people. T. Lawrence Shannon (Richard Chamberlain) is a defrocked minister with a penchant for teen-age girls. The hotel proprietor, Maxine Faulk (Sylvia Miles), fancies young Mexican beachboys. The guardians of the spirit as opposed to the flesh are Hannah Jelkes (Dorothy McGuire), a Nantucket spinster, and her ancient 97-year-old poet grandfather Nonno (William Roerick), on whom Hannah's abiding love and care are centered.

At the heart of the play, Chamberlain captures the self-lacerating torment of Shannon, and McGuire the innate goodness of Hannah, but both are somewhat out of their depth where the play itself becomes deeper in certain late scenes and speeches that border on mystical transcendence.

T.E. Kalem

Delirium Risibilitatis

SLY FOX
by LARRY GELBART

Broadway's cup of holiday cheer brims over with the arrival of *Sly Fox*. Based on Ben Jonson's *Volpone*, this wickedly farcical encounter between knaves and fools hides the tongue of moral satire in the cheek of roguery.

Greed is the theme of the play, greed so compelling as to raise it to an obsessive lust for money. In this reincarnation, the setting has become San Francisco in the 1890s. *Volpone* has become Foxwell J. Sly, played with shark's-tooth gusto by George C. Scott. Rich and

THE THEATER

childless, Sly feigns grave illness in order to arouse the hopes of avaricious, fawning and wealthy townsfolk who hope to become his heir.

By assuring each of these dupes that he is to be the sole heir, Sly's nimbly resourceful servant, Simon Able (Hector Elizondo), levies a handsome tribute in the form of anticipatory payments of one sort and another against the presumed inheritance.

One of the sheep to be fleeced, Abner Truckle (Bob Dishy), is so insanely jealous of his intensely religious and absorbingly beautiful wife (Trish Van Devere) that he will not let her out of the house. But when Able informs him that

JOSEPH BELLIS



GEORGE C. SCOTT IN FOX
Knave plies fools.

Sly craves the ministrations of Mrs. Truckle to nurse him through his last days, the money-mad husband delivers his wife to the supposedly harmless bed. Dishy makes this ethical transition with such self-blinding suppleness that the effect is succulently comic.

Finally, Sly has Able announce his death, and the comedy takes a quantum jump and *delirium risibilitatis* sets in. Returning to Broadway after an absence of ten years, Arthur Penn directs the evening's proceedings with the bounce of a trampoline. He must be good for his superb cast, for no one does anything remotely wrong. Larry Gelbart's book is a naughty treasure laced with sassy one-liners and the ambience of bawdry that he brought to *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*. As for the formidably gifted George C. Scott, he scales a summit of comic artistry in a stage career that seems to consist only of acting peaks.

T.E.K.

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America & the World: Principle & Pragmatism

by HENRY KISSINGER

The following Bicentennial Essay is the ninth in a series that has been appearing periodically, surveying how the U.S. has changed in its 200 years.

America has perennially engaged in a search of its conscience. How does our foreign policy serve moral ends? How can America serve as a humane example and champion of justice in a world in which power is still often the final arbiter? How do we reconcile ends and means, principle and survival? Today the challenge of American foreign policy is to avoid the illusion of false choices: we must live up to this nation's moral promise while fulfilling the practical needs of world order.

OUR HISTORICAL EXPERIENCE

From its beginning, Americans have believed this country had a moral significance that transcended its military or economic power. Unique among the nations of the world, America was created as a conscious act by men dedicated to a set of political and ethical principles they believed to be of universal applicability. Small wonder, then, that Santayana concluded: "To be an American is of itself almost a moral condition."

But this idealism has also been in constant tension with another deep-seated strain in our historical experience. Since Tocqueville, it has been frequently observed that we are a pragmatic people—commonsensical, undogmatic and undocinaire, a nation of practical energy, ingenuity and spirit. We have made tolerance and compromise the basis of our domestic political life. We have defined our fundamental goals—justice, liberty, equality and progress—in open and libertarian terms, enlarging opportunity and freedom rather than coercing a uniform standard of conduct.

America has been most effective internationally when we have combined our idealistic and our pragmatic traditions. The founding fathers were idealists who launched a new experiment in human liberty. But they understood the global balance of power and manipulated it brilliantly to secure their independence. Franklin and Jefferson perceived that the European powers saw the conflict in North America as part of a global struggle. Their diplomacy led to the involvement of Britain's enemies—France, Spain and Russia—in ways that favored the rebellious colonies, and then cut loose from them in a separate treaty of peace by which John Jay won the British Crown's recognition and liquidated the residual problems of the Revolution.

Thus America's energies were released to populate and build a continental nation and to perfect domestic institutions. As we did so, both our pragmatic nature and our moral commitment took deeper root in the national character—but often as seemingly separate and even contrasting factors. When faced in 1802 with the attempt of France to control the mouth of the Mississippi, Thomas Jefferson was

above all concerned with the future prospects of French control over trade in and out of the American heartland.

But as our practical needs were served, so too was our idealistic strain. James Madison declared that "the free system of Government we have established is so congenial with reason, with common sense, and with a universal feeling, that it must produce approbation and a desire of imitation.... Our country, if it does justice to itself, will be the workshop of liberty to the civilized world, and do more than any other for the uncivilized." The implications of this outlook would lead both to the advocacy of interventionism, as in Edward Everett's 1823 case for supporting the Greek revolution, and isolation, as in William Seward's 1863 rebuttal of requests to oppose Russia's mistreatment of Poland.

Yet throughout the 19th century, our greatest achievements came through efforts marked by both moral vision and practical purpose. Theodore Roosevelt noted that long before Jefferson negotiated an end to the French claim to Louisiana, that and other foreign claims had been effectively undermined by the great western movement of Americans and the free communities they quickly founded. But the consolidation of their pioneering achievements was made possible by those negotiations and by subsequent diplomatic successes. The annexation of Florida, the Oregon boundary settlement with Great Britain, the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, the Gadsden Purchase, the purchase of Alaska from Russia—all were triumphs of diplomacy during decades when most citizens believed America did not have, or need, a foreign policy.

Indeed, our very achievements in dealing with the world brought most Americans under the sway of a shared mythology. As a society of men and women who had fled the persecutions and power politics of the Old World, Americans—whether Mayflower descendants or refugees from the failed revolutions of 1848—came to assume that we were beyond the reach of the imperatives of traditional foreign policy.

With our security assured, we became bemused by the popular belief that President Monroe's obligation to defend the Western Hemisphere, and indeed almost any obligation we might choose to assume, depended on unilateral American decisions

to be entered into or ended entirely at our discretion. Americans never paid attention to British Foreign Secretary George Canning's justification of the Monroe Doctrine: "We have called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the old." Shielded by two oceans and enriched by a bountiful nature, we proclaimed our special situation as universally valid, even for nations whose narrower margin of survival meant that their range of choices was far more limited than our own.

It was, as C. Vann Woodward has called it, "the age of fear security." As usual, Abraham Lincoln depicted it most vividly: "Shall we expect some

JEFFERSON WRESTLES WITH FEDERALIST EAGLE IN 1800 CARTOON



BICENTENNIAL ESSAY

transatlantic military giant to step the ocean and crush us at a blow? Never! All the armies of Europe, Asia and Africa combined, with all the treasure of the earth in their military chest, with a Bonaparte for a commander, could not by force take a drink from the Ohio or make a track on the Blue Ridge in a trial of a thousand years."

We disparaged power even as we grew strong; we saw our successes as the product not of fortunate circumstances and considerable effort, but of virtue and purity of motive. The preoccupation of other nations with security only reinforced our sense of uniqueness. Arms and alliances were seen as immoral and reactionary. Our native inclination for straightforwardness brought increasing impatience with diplomacy, which often calls for ambiguity and compromise.

In this atmosphere even the purchase of Alaska—which excluded Russia from our continent—was regarded in its day as a folly. Congress was prevailed upon only with the greatest difficulty to provide the \$7 million to complete the deal. The mythology of American ineptitude in its diplomatic pursuits carried into the 20th century. Will Rogers always got a laugh when he cracked, "America never lost a war and never won a conference."

THE 20TH CENTURY

Forgetful of the wisdom and skilled statecraft by which the founding fathers won our independence and secured our safety, and disdainful of the techniques by which all nations—even the U.S.—must preserve their interests, we entered the 20th century largely unprepared for the part we would be called upon to play.

As our power grew, we became uncomfortable with its uses and responsibilities, and impatient with the compromises of day-to-day diplomacy. Our rise to great power status was feared and resisted by many Americans who foresaw a process of deepening involvement in a morally questionable world. In the early decades of this century, we sought to reconcile the tension between ideals and interests by confining ourselves to humanitarian efforts and resorting to our belief in the pre-eminence of law. We pioneered in relief programs; we championed free trade and the cause of foreign investment. We attempted to legislate solutions to international conflicts.

These efforts to banish the reality of power were aborted by our involvement in two world wars.

While we had a clear security interest in a Europe free from domination by any one power, Woodrow Wilson argued the case for intervention in wholly idealistic terms. He described it in 1917 as "the opportunity for which the American people have sought to prepare themselves ever since the days when they set up a new nation in the high and honorable hope that it might, in all that it was and did, show mankind the way to liberty." Thus we would do battle for universal moral objectives, not for a new equilibrium—a war to end all wars, not a peace in which victors and vanquished sought a balance of their interests.

Disillusionment set in as the outcome of the war necessarily fell short of expectations, and indeed as the one-sided nature of the peace required ever greater efforts to maintain it against countries with no stake in the settlement. A tide of isolationist sentiment rose, in which moral proclamations were coupled with an unwillingness to undertake concrete commitments. We were loath to face a world of imperfect security, alliances of convenience, recurrent crises and the need for a political structure that would secure the peace.

In the decades after World War II, we undertook our first sustained period of peacetime world leadership with a supreme self-assurance fortunately matched by overwhelming material superiority. And we faced an antagonist whose political system and actions on the world scene explicitly threatened the very existence of our most cherished principles.

In a period of seemingly clear-cut divisions, we saw little need for an explicit definition of the nation-

al interest. We saw economic problems around the world of the kind we had solved successfully in our own country, and sought to overwhelm them with the weight of resources, assuming that economic progress automatically led to political stability. In short, without making a conscious design to do so, we were trying to shape the world to our design.

Our postwar policy was marked by great achievements. America found within itself extraordinary capacities of vision and creativity. Leaders of both parties and many backgrounds—Truman and Eisenhower, Vandenberg and Marshall, Acheson and Dulles—built a national consensus for responsible American world leadership based on both principle and pragmatism. The recovery of Western Europe and Japan, the creation of peacetime alliances, the shaping of the global trade and monetary system, the economic advance of newer and poorer nations, the measures to control the nuclear arms race—these constitute an enduring record of American statesmanship.

OUR CONTEMPORARY CHALLENGE

We face an equally great challenge today. America is thrust into the role of global leadership with a dual responsibility. We must maintain our security and global peace by the traditional methods of power and diplomacy. But we know that nuclear war could destroy civilization, and therefore we must go beyond traditional foreign policy to shape a world reflecting the imperatives of interdependence and justice.

We remain the strongest nation and the largest single influence in international affairs. For 30 years our leadership has sustained world peace, progress and justice. Our leadership is no less needed today, but it must be redefined to meet changing conditions. Ours is no longer a world of American nuclear monopoly, but one of substantial nuclear equivalence. Ours is no longer a world of two solid blocs and clear-cut dividing lines, but one of proliferating centers of power and influence. Ours is no longer a world amenable to national solutions, but one of economic interdependence and common global challenges. Ours is a world where moral affirmation can be carried out only through stages, each of which is by definition imperfect.

Thus for the first time in American experience, we can neither escape from the world nor dominate it. Rather we—like all other nations in history—must now conduct diplomacy with subtlety, flexibility, persistence and imagination. We must fuse our great national assets of idealism and realism, our moral convictions and our pragmatic bent. We can no longer impose our own solutions; yet our action or inaction will influence events, often decisively. We cannot banish power from international affairs, but we can use our vast power wisely and firmly to deter aggression and encourage restraint and negotiation. We can help construct a wider community of interest among all nations. We must continue to stand for freedom in the world.

These are worthy goals. They can be achieved. But they summon a different dimension of moral conviction than that of a simpler past. They require the stamina to persevere amid ambiguity, and the courage to hold fast to what we believe in while recognizing that at any one time our hopes are likely to be only gradually fulfilled. It is the essence of moral purposes that they appear absolute and universal. It is the essence of foreign policy to take into account the views of others who may also see their values in this manner.

Clearly, we must maintain our purposes and our principles. But we risk disaster unless we relate our moral convictions to concepts of the national interest and international order that are based not on impulse but on a sense of steady purpose that can be maintained by the American people for the long term.

AMERICA'S AGENDA

America—and the community of nations—today faces inescapable tasks:

- ▶ We must maintain a secure and just peace.
- ▶ We must create a cooperative and beneficial international order.



► We must defend the rights and the dignity of man.

Each of these challenges has both a moral and a practical dimension. Each involves important ends, but ends that are sometimes in conflict. When that is the case, we face the real moral dilemma of foreign policy: the need to choose between valid ends and to relate our ends to means.

Peace is a fundamental moral imperative. Without it, nothing else we do or seek can ultimately have meaning. Averting the danger of nuclear war and limiting and ultimately reducing destructive nuclear arsenals is a moral as well as a political act.

In the nuclear age, power politics, the struggle for marginal advantages, the drive for prestige and unilateral gains must yield to an unprecedented sense of responsibility. History teaches us that balances based on constant tests of strength have always erupted into war. Common sense tells us that in the nuclear age history must not be repeated. Every President, sooner or later, will conclude with President Eisenhower that "there is no alternative to peace." But peace cannot be our only goal. To seek it at any price would render us morally defenseless and place the world at the mercy of the most ruthless. Mankind must do more, as Tacitus said, than "make a desert [and] call it peace."

There will be no security in a world whose obsession with peace leads to appeasement. But neither will there be security in a world in which mock tough rhetoric and the accumulation of arms are the sole measure of competition. We can spare no effort to bequeath to future generations a peace more hopeful than an equilibrium of terror.

In the search for peace we are continually called upon to strike balances—between strength and conciliation; between the need to defend our values and interests and the need to consider the views of others; between partial and total settlements.

America's second moral imperative is the growing need for global cooperation. We live in a world of more than 150 countries, each asserting sovereignty and claiming the right to realize its national aspirations. Clearly, no nation can fulfill all its goals without infringing on the rights of others. Hence, compromise and common endeavors are inescapable. The growing interdependence of states in the face of the polarizing tendencies of nationalism and ideologies makes imperative the building of world community.

We live in an age of division—between East and West and between the advanced industrial nations and the developing nations. Clearly, a world in which a few nations constitute islands of wealth in a sea of despair is fundamentally insecure and morally intolerable. Those who consider themselves dispossessed will become the seedbed of upheaval. But the tactics of confrontation with which some of the developing nations have pursued their goals are as unacceptable as they are unproductive.

The objectives of the developing nations are clear: economic development, a role in international decisions that affect them, a fair share of global economic benefits. The goals of the industrial nations are equally clear: widening prosperity, an open world system of trade, investments and markets and reliable development of the resources of food, energy and raw materials.

The process of building a new era of international economic relationships will continue through the rest of this century. If those relationships are to be equitable and lasting, negotiation and mutual regard among diverse and contending interests will clearly be required. On the part of the industrial nations, there must be a moral commitment—now, while there is still time for conciliation—to make the sacrifices necessary to build a sense of community. On the part of the developing nations, there must be an end to blackmail and extortion—now, before the world is irrevocably split into contending camps—and a commitment to seek progress through cooperation.

Our third moral imperative is the nurturing of human values. It is a tragedy that the very tools of technology that have made ours the most productive century in history have also served to subject millions to a new dimension of intimidation, suffering and fear. Individual freedom of conscience and expression is the proudest heritage of our civilization. All we do in the search for peace, for greater political cooperation and for a fair and flourishing international economy is rooted in our belief that only lib-

erty permits the fullest expression of mankind's creativity. Technological progress without justice mocks humanity; national unity without freedom is a hollow triumph. Nationalism without a consciousness of human community and human rights is likely to become an instrument of oppression and a force for evil. As the world's leading democracy, it is our obligation to dedicate ourselves to assuring freedom for the human spirit. But responsibility compels also a recognition of our limits. Our alliances, the political relationships built up with other nations, serve peace by strengthening regional and world security. If well conceived, they are not favors to others, but a recognition of common interests. They should be withdrawn when those interests change; they should not, as a general rule, be used as levers.

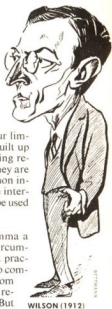
There is no simple answer to the dilemma a great democracy faces under such circumstances. We have a moral as well as a practical obligation to stand up for our values and to combat injustice. Those who speak out for freedom and expose the transgressions of repressive regimes do so in the best American tradition. But there are times when an effort to teach another country a moral lesson can undermine the very values we seek to promote. When sensitive issues are transformed into tests of strength between governments, the impulse of national prestige may defeat the most worthy goals. Thus we must take care not to elaborate a doctrine of universal intervention. We must remember that in our history such concepts have as often led to abdication as to overcommitment, both with disastrous results.

America's most profound contribution to world affairs has derived from our conviction that while history is often cruel, fate can be shaped by human faith and courage. Our optimism has enabled us to understand that the greatest achievements were a dream before they became a reality. We have learned through experience, as few people have, that all that is creative is ultimately a moral affirmation—the faith that dares in the absence of certainty, the courage to go forward in the face of adversity.

Americans must learn the inescapable need to relate our moral aims—which of necessity are stated in universal terms—to the imperative choices imposed upon us by competing goals and finite resources. Foreign policy is, like life, a constant effort to strike the right balance between the best we want and the best we can have—between the ends we seek and the means we adopt. We need moral strength to select among often agonizing choices, and a sense of ethical purpose to navigate between difficult decisions. But we need as well a mature sense of means, lest we substitute wishful thinking for the requirements of survival. The ultimate test of morality in foreign policy is not only the values we proclaim but what we are willing and able to carry out.

As the greatest democracy in the world, America is a reminder to all that there is an alternative to tyranny and oppression. The revolution begun two centuries ago goes on, for much of the world still seeks the freedom and the dignity of the individual, the sanctity of law that this country has never ceased to seek, enjoy and perfect. The surest path to our own greater success, and the brightest hope for others, is to remain true to the American tradition—a heritage where reality is a point of departure but never our final horizon, and where ideals ennoble reality and enable us to shape our future.

From a professorship in government at Harvard, Henry Kissinger went on to serve as National Security Adviser to the President from 1969 to 1975 and as Secretary of State since 1973. He is the author of Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy and A World Restored: Metternich, Castlereagh and the Problems of Peace, 1812-22.



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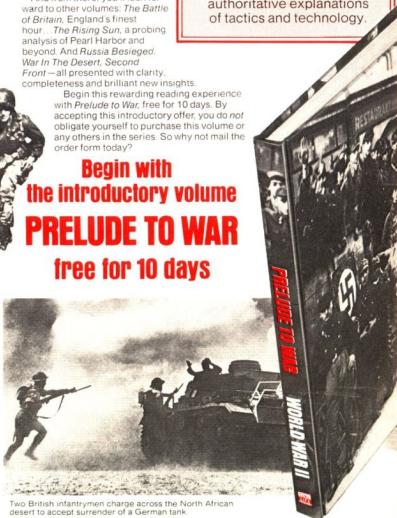
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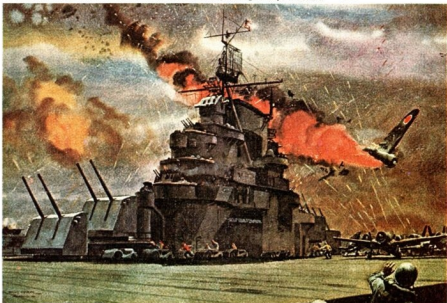
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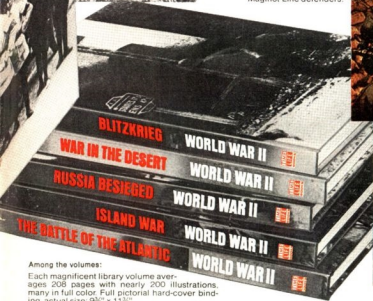
A Japanese kamikaze plane thunders toward the deck of the new U.S. carrier *Hornet* in 1945. It missed, as did all others that attacked the ship during 52 days of action.



In the last days of the Battle of France, two German engineers use a flame thrower to mop up Maginot Line defenders.

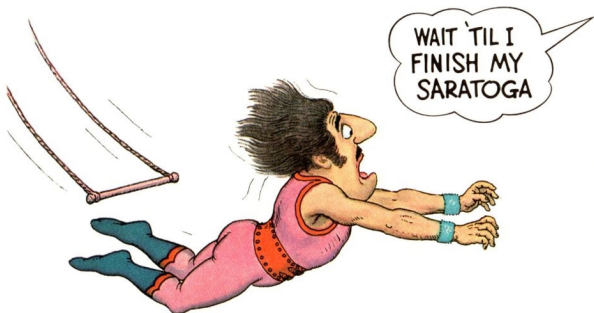


A ground crew loads a 550-pound bomb into a shark-faced Stuka dive bomber, one of the Luftwaffe's most devastating planes.



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RACING THE CLOCK WITH COMPASS & MAP

Over the River, Into the Trees

The cold and silence of a New England winter forest is broken by the voices of a man and his two excited children. They pick their way along a meandering brook, pausing regularly to sweep aside branches or peer at compass and map. Near by, an elderly couple stride purposefully down a Jeep trail, jauntily swinging their arms and breathing deeply the crisp, fine air. Suddenly, a sweat-suit-clad figure crashes through the underbrush into a clearing. Panting from a hard run, mud dripping from his shoes, face scratched by brambles, he stares wildly about, then plunges into the thick brush once more. Despite their different styles, all of the people making their way through the forest area near Boston are participating in the sport of orienteering—speed hiking over a prescribed course in unfamiliar terrain, using only a compass and a map to navigate.

Orienteering is a survival skill with military origins. It made the transfer to civilian sport shortly after World War I when a former Swedish army officer set up orienteering programs for schoolchildren. Students who had balked at conventional fitness programs poured into the forests to race from checkpoint to checkpoint, studying maps, steadying compasses and racing against the orienteer's chief adversary, the clock.

Easy Trails. The program is now mandatory in Scandinavian public schools. As part of the increasing interest in outdoor recreation, orienteering has spread to other European countries and the U.S. This past July, a five-day competition in Sweden drew 16,000 contestants from some 25 countries.

An orienteering meet most closely resembles an automobile rally—without the cars. In a typical contest, organizers lay out several courses, ranging from a mile-long hike over easy trails to six-mile scrambles across streams, swamps and hills. Contestants, either alone or in teams, leave the starting point at fixed intervals, moving through the quiet beauty of the forest toward unseen checkpoints marked by map coordinates. For many, it is just a "hike with a purpose," an opportunity to stroll or picnic. For others, it is a madcap race in which speed afoot is as important as accuracy of map reading. A fast runner might plot a lengthier indirect course over clear ground, whereas a canny, perhaps flabbier orienteer might take the shorter, riskier route of a direct bearing.

"The trick," says a top American orienteer, Peter Gagarin, "is to balance between speed and accuracy. You can be a terrifically fast runner, but that's no good at all if you can't find the checkpoints." Indeed, a small error in compass reading can land an orienteer dozens of yards away from—and make him unable to spot—a plastic punch dangling from a tree. Each punch makes a distinctive perforation in the hiker's punch card, indicating that he reached a particular checkpoint.

TIME Correspondent David Wood teamed with Expert Orienteer Hans Jürgen Luwald to measure his own speed and map-reading skills during the meet near Boston. His account:

"Go," the starter says softly, and we tear up the trail at top speed, map in one hand, compass in the other. The trail goes dead north, then begins to curve east. Suddenly another trail appears, this one not marked on the map. We are tempted, but keep going. Another hundred meters and we pause, kneel down and take a compass bearing directly into the woods. Now we are sprinting, leaping over logs, crashing through small brush, legs and arms flailing. We try to pace a 200-meter leg but fail, losing the count at the bottom of a hill where we have plunged into unexpected muddy ooze. We stand, gasping for breath, shin deep in the freezing mud, tracing our

path on the map. We are on the track. We pull our feet out of the mire, skirt the swamp and climb the hill.

We stop for another compass bearing: the needle takes an agonizingly long time to settle, then finally points north. We sight through the trees 45° where our hill—and the checkpoint—should be. No hill. Trusting the compass, we dash off again, leap a fallen birch, catch a sapling in the face. Still no hill. We stop, listen. Nothing but our pounding hearts and labored panting. Retrace our steps and go back to the swamp? No, we'll crash blindly ahead on our bearing. Now the ground begins to rise: a hill. We sprint up it. Suddenly we see a tree and the red-and-white flag that signifies we have reached the checkpoint. We throw ourselves down on the ground giggling with relief. We were dead on target. Suddenly I know how Balboa felt when he first sighted the Pacific Ocean.

A dozen checkpoints later, at the finish line, 200 orienteers compare notes on the day's outing, its mishaps and pleasures. Says one avid orienteer: "The nice thing about this sport is that no matter how long it takes you to finish, you can never lose. You're having too much fun."

Those Super Racquets

The names—YFG-50, Boron XT and the XRC—conjure up visions of supersonic test planes or supercharged racing cars. But the sobriquets belong to tennis racquets, crafted in strange shapes of exotic materials, and designed to bestow court greatness on weekend hackers. In search of a bigger "sweet spot," more power and control, manufacturers have imbedded boron fibers in an epoxy matrix, reinforced nylon throat pieces with quartz, turned to the builders of nuclear reactors for ultrasonic welding techniques and altered the spacing of strings. The physics laboratories at Princeton where Albert Einstein once worked have been used to experiment with variants of torque and longitudinal flex. Practically every element and compound known to modern chemistry has been molded, extruded or laminated. A few tennis technologists have even tried some new tricks with

NEW MATERIALS & NEW SHAPES TO ENTICE (AND CONFUSE) TENNIS BUFFS



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SPORT

wood, all in hopes of providing instant improvement for the player.

Sporting goods stores and pro shops, long the subdued redoubt of the Wilson Jack Kramer Autograph and the Dunlop Maxply Fort, now offer such large and varied arrays of racquets that the average player is bound to be confused. Which of the gleaming new products will convert a peashooter serve into a Roscoe Tanner cannonball? Will the weekend buff find Chris Evert's steady groundstrokes in a \$69 graphite frame by Yamaha, or is the operator so poor that the tool required is a \$200 (unstrung) Aldila Cannon? The questions are important because the racquet is an extension not just of arm but of self. Between points, a player can often be seen fondling a racquet that has served him well. A few bad shots, and it will bear the brunt of self-abasement as it is flung to the ground or hurled against a wall.

Fancy Stick. Many players swear by their new racquets. New Jersey Insurance Executive James Slote has bought five different racquets during the past two years and finally settled on the out-sized Prince, which promises a sweet spot $3\frac{1}{2}$ times that of normal racquets. Says Slote: "I hit more shots solidly. I'm very satisfied with it. Besides, the big thing is confidence. You do better with a racquet you have confidence in." Last week, after trying a friend's new Pancho Segura "SweetSpot"—notable for its wider spacing between strings near the rim than at the center, Manhattan Housewife Flip Breckenfield offered to buy it on the spot. Said she: "I've never hit the ball so well."

Most experts, however, agree with Chicago Professional Calvin Head, who believes that the advantages of the new designs and materials are psychological. Says he: "We're all trying to find that little secret, but it's all in the mind." Says another pro who is disgusted by the stampede to new racquets: "People will do anything to improve their game except work on their strokes." Beverly Hills Tennis Shop Salesman Vinnie Thomas reports that most sales of the Prince are made to men over 40 searching for a tennis fountain of youth. Says Thomas: "Very few young people buy them." As for the young themselves, New Jersey Tournament Player Paul Barrett, 15, sums up: "When somebody shows up with a fancy stick, some other kid will say, 'Oh, you need a bionic racquet, huh?' Nobody wants to look like a sissy."

The final word, as usual, comes from California Teaching Pro Vic Braden, who insists: "I don't care what kind of racquet it is. I once saw Bobby Riggs beat a guy with a broom." Despite the testimonials—and brisk sales—for the most controversial of the new designs, the elephantine Prince, Braden remains unimpressed. Says he: "The only difference the Prince racquet makes is that now when you serve, you will hit both your legs rather than just one."

MILESTONES

Divorced. Hugh Fraser, 58, British Member of Parliament; and Lady Antonia Fraser, 43, bestselling author (*Mary Queen of Scots*, *Cromwell: The Lord Protector*); after 20 years of marriage, six children; in London. Fraser's suit for divorce was not contested by Lady Antonia, who has been living with Playwright Harold Pinter for more than a year. Pinter's wife, Actress Vivien Merchant, named her Ladyship correspondent in a suit in 1975, but has since decided not to press for a divorce.

Died. Jack Cassidy, 49, actor and singer; in a fire in his apartment; in West Hollywood, Calif. A Queens, N.Y., native, Cassidy first hit Broadway in a chorus line at the age of 16; he later starred in several musicals, including his 1963 Tony Award-winning performance in *She Loves Me*. His preening charm and Irish good looks were also prominent in plays, films, television and supper clubs. Cassidy often appeared with Shirley Jones, to whom he was married for 18 years before their divorce last year. His son, Singer David Cassidy, was born during his earlier marriage to Actress Evelyn Ward.

Died. Elmyr de Hory, 65, master art forger; by his own hand (sleeping-pill overdose); on the Spanish island of Ibiza. Hungarian-born De Hory painted under his own name until 1946, when he sold a small "Picasso" that he had executed. With the aid of a skillful fence, he turned his mimicry of Matisse, Modigliani and others into millions of dollars until his cover was blown in 1967. The dapper De Hory was the subject of *Fake!*, a 1969 biography by his friend Clifford Irving—no mean hoaxer himself—and a movie by Orson Welles. In recent years he sold his own works for large sums, but the authorities still pursued him for past fakeries. Last week he was told that he would be extradited to France to stand trial for his part in a \$1.3 million sale of forged works to a Texas art collector in 1964-66.

Died. Donald H. Menzel, 75, one of the world's leading authorities on the sun; in Boston. Menzel observed his first solar eclipse as a boy in Colorado, and spent the rest of his life studying the sun and its corona. A member of the Harvard faculty for nearly 40 years, Menzel watched 15 total solar eclipses, leading expeditions to Siberia, the Sahara and other remote outposts to get the best views. In 1938 he developed the U.S.'s first coronagraph, a telescopic device that allows scientists to study the sun's glowing halo without the help of an eclipse. Menzel was a prolific author of scientific books and science fiction, and an accomplished doodler, whose sketches have been exhibited widely.

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SAUDI ARABIA'S AHMED ZAKI YAMANI (THIRD FROM RIGHT) ARGUING WITH FELLOW PETROLEUM MINISTERS AT CONFERENCE IN QATAR

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

OIL

The OPEC Supercartel in Splitsville

For the past three years, the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries has reigned as the world's most successful cartel ever, seemingly able to disregard both world public opinion and market forces. Between late 1973 and 1975, OPEC quintupled global oil prices, helping cause the industrialized world's most severe recession since the 1930s, and managed to make its inflated prices stick even through a worldwide glut of petroleum. Officials in the U.S. and other oil-importing countries kept wishfully thinking that OPEC would somehow split apart, but their hopes were always foiled—until last week. Then, at a price-setting meeting in the tiny desert emirate of Qatar, the first fissure in OPEC's united front finally came, unexpectedly, openly and dramatically.

Cocky Sheik. The instigator of the rupture was Saudi Arabia, whose sands and offshore waters contain by far the world's largest proven oil reserves. Eleven of OPEC's 13 members* voted to raise prices another 10.4% on Jan. 1 and yet a further 5% next July 1. But the Saudis, backed by the United Arab Emirates, announced that they would post only a 5% increase for the whole year. Moreover, Saudi Oil Minister Ahmed Zaki Yamani declared that Saudi Arabia would lift its self-imposed production limit of 8.5 million bbl. a day and pump out as much oil as the world market

would take (the country can now produce 11.8 million bbl. daily). That was a clear attempt to undermine the higher prices decreed by its OPEC partners, and the cocky Sheik Yamani told Western newsmen, "I don't believe the 10% increase will hold in the market."

The suddenness and openness of the break astonished Western and Japanese oil-company experts and government officials, who at first refused to believe that OPEC had split into a two-tiered pricing system. Some experts hailed the news as a sign of OPEC's breakup. Said Nobuyuki Nakahara, a senior executive of one of Japan's largest oil refineries: "If true, [the split] could mean a virtual collapse of the OPEC price structure." Others more cautiously warned that OPEC could eventually get its act together again by agreeing on the Saudi price, the price of the majority eleven countries, or some level in between. In the opinion of New York Oil Economist Walter Levy, the stage was set for "a test of strength" between Saudi Arabia and its erstwhile OPEC allies.

That it is. Beginning Jan. 1, OPEC oil will be available at two prices: \$12.08 a bbl. for Saudi or Emirate crude, \$12.70 a bbl. for petroleum from the other OPEC countries. The immediate result will probably be chaos in the world oil trade as the big oil companies and consuming nations jockey to buy at the lowest price. But the Saudi action will at least hold the average world oil price below levels that could have

precipitated a new global recession.

Politically, the implications are also great. Yamani's move is something of a victory for U.S. economic diplomacy. TIME learned that President Ford called Saudi Ambassador Ali Abdallah Alireza to the White House for a private talk. Cyrus Vance, who is Jimmy Carter's choice to be Secretary of State, met separately with the ambassador, and after the split in Qatar, Vance praised the Saudis' "courageous and statesmanlike" action. Yamani, for his part, declared, "We expect the West, especially the United States, to show appreciation for what we have done." The U.S., he said, could indicate gratitude by working toward "settlement of the Arab-Israeli conflict," presumably by leaning on Israel to make concessions.

Small World. For all that, there was no sign of an outright U.S.-Saudi deal. Rather, the price split reflected economic and political strains that have been present in OPEC all along but until now have been papered over in a façade of unity. Having more oil to sell than anyone else, Saudi Arabia wants to keep volume high, which it recognizes can be done only by holding the price down. As OPEC's volume producers, moreover, the Saudis have developed a more sophisticated understanding of customer markets than other OPEC members. In addition, the Saudis want to improve their image in the eyes of the West and to protect the huge investments they have made there. Yamani fruitlessly

*Algeria, Ecuador, Gabon, Indonesia, Iran, Iraq, Kuwait, Libya, Nigeria, Qatar, Saudi Arabia, United Arab Emirates, Venezuela.

warned his fellow oil ministers that the slowdown in Western economies made oil-burning nations simply unable to take a big OPEC price increase. "We live in a small world," he explained later. "If the rest of it suffers economically, we also suffer, no matter how high we raise the price of oil."

By contrast, many of the other OPEC members, notably Algeria and Libya, are already running low on reserves. They want to get as much money as possible from every remaining barrel. Iran is especially hard-pressed. The Shah badly overcommitted his oil income on ambitious development projects for his relatively large population, and now needs more money to make ends meet.

Political conflicts heighten the tension within OPEC. Higher oil revenues enable Iran to buy more guns and tanks with which to frighten its neighbors across the Persian Gulf—an escalation that Saudi Arabia, one of those neighbors, decidedly does not wish to encourage. The archconservative Saudis are also at odds with the radical Arab states of Algeria, Iraq and Libya, whose hand should be strengthened by a big oil-price jump. The Iraqi oil minister, Tayeb Abdul-Karim, blasted the Saudis for trying to force OPEC to "succumb to pressures from the oil monopolies and imperialist forces."

Star of Riyadh. Despite the strains, OPEC had so successfully fostered a one-for-all front that as the Qatar conference began last week, no one could have foreseen its drastic outcome. Bedecked in flowing Saudi robes and headdress, Yamani, who has a Kissinger-style flair for personal diplomacy, arrived at the very last minute. As he entered the plush Gulf Hotel in the Qatar capital of Doha, which had been completely taken over for the conference and placed under heavy security, Yamani gave a swift aside to reporters: "We are for a six-month [price] freeze."

Behind the closed steel shutters in the Gulf's giant banquet hall, which served as conference room, almost no one really took him seriously. "We listened respectfully to Yamani's proposals though we did not accept them," said one oil minister. When the other OPEC chieftains failed to buy his reasoning, Yamani dramatically rose from the conference table and strode out of the hall. He flew to Riyadh for talks with King Khalid ibn Abdul Aziz. The other oil ministers pretended to be unimpressed by Yamani's theatrics. Said Iraq's oil minister, Karim: "It is a big game that he always plays." When word came that Yamani was returning to the conference, Qatar's minister of finance and petroleum, Abdul-Aziz Bin Khalifa Al-Thani, went to the airport to accord him a proper protocol. "I am going to meet the big star," he smilingly told reporters.

Upon his return, Yamani clearly had the King's O.K. to accept no more than a 5% increase. That, Yamani explained, would effectively freeze present

market prices, which have crept above OPEC's "marker" prices as oil companies stockpiled supplies in anticipation of a big oil-price increase. The real bargaining sessions switched from the formal banquet hall to half-a-dozen or so smoke-filled suites where the various oil ministers were trying to strike deals and line up support. At 2 a.m. on Friday, Valentin Hernández, the amiable Venezuelan oil minister, telephoned waiting reporters to inform them that OPEC had agreed to disagree.

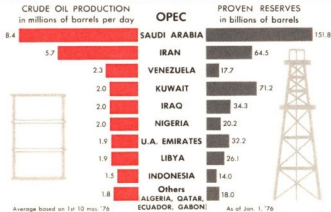
Caustic Remarks. Yamani did not even bother to attend the final session in the conference hall. Instead, smiling and gracious, he invited TIME Correspondent Wilton Wynn and a handful of other reporters to his tenth-floor suite. There, in equable tones, he delivered some surprisingly caustic remarks about his OPEC colleagues. How did he feel about breaking ranks? "Is it fair for all OPEC to get together to decide the price of Saudi crude? Is it fair for others to decide against our will?" What about OPEC

most of its oil and draws a large share from the OPEC countries that are raising prices 10%, will be harder hit. According to preliminary figures, the nine members of the European Economic Community will have to pay an extra \$4 billion a year in fuel costs and will see their composite rate of growth in production shrink from 4% to 3.25%. The Japanese, who draw 37.4% of their oil from Saudi Arabia, were relieved. They believe their recovering economy can absorb the increase without suffering any serious cutback.

Few oil experts think the two-tier system can last. They foresee two possible outcomes:

1) More likely, petroleum importers throw their orders to the lowest-priced producers, Saudi Arabia and the United Arab Emirates. Higher-priced OPEC countries lose enough sales to cause panic. Most endangered would be cash-strapped Iran and Indonesia, which urgently needs money to pay off overdue foreign debts. Eventually the rest of

How Members Rank



arguments that a big oil hike is justified by inflation in the prices of Western goods that oil producers buy? "The OPEC figure of a 26% rise in prices of goods we import from the West is not correct. If you take the [International Monetary Fund] index, the rate of such inflation is less than 5%."

The task for economists throughout the industrialized world now is to reckon on the effects and costs of the two-tier pricing system. The new prices are expected to add \$10 billion to the world's fuel bill. Among the major importers, the U.S. seemed likely to be hurt least. It still produces 60% of the oil that it burns, and a large share of its imports come from Saudi Arabia. The average price of crude available in the U.S. will go up no more than 3%, and that will push up the Wholesale Price Index a negligible 1%.

Western Europe, which imports

OPEC comes down to the Saudi price.

2) Importers flood Saudi Arabia and the Emirates with more orders than they can fill. The other OPEC producers maintain their high prices and carry through the extra 5% scheduled for July. Eventually the Saudis go up.

Meanwhile, company size rankings in the oil business could change. Four American companies—Exxon, Texaco, Mobil and Chevron—that import heavily from Saudi Arabia will be able to undersell such other producers as Shell, British Petroleum and Compagnie Française des Pétroles, which rely more heavily on the higher-priced OPEC states. All in all, Yamani seems to have touched off a classic capitalist price war. That is scarcely what cartels are supposed to do, and OPEC least of all, its increases were once heralded as the start of a "new economic order." But that was before Qatar turned out to be Splitsville.



PRE-CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS THROUGH FESTIVE FIFTH AVENUE, CLOSED ON SUNDAYS TO TRAFFIC, IN NEW YORK CITY

OUTLOOK/TIME BOARD OF ECONOMISTS

Carter's Turn to Pep Up Growth

Every economic forecast is in part a political forecast—but when a new Administration is about to take power in Washington, politics becomes absolutely dominant. For the past eight years, Republican policymakers under Presidents Nixon and Ford have tried everything they could think of—from laissez-faire to wage-price controls—to grapple with the problems of production, prices and jobs. The results, as the Republican era ends, are decidedly mixed. After starting 1976 on a strong recovery from the worst recession since the 1930s, the U.S. economy is now faltering. True enough, a record 88.1 million Americans are working, and the nightmarish inflation rates of 11% and 12% that the U.S. suffered two years ago have been cut in half. But unemployment in November still stood at 8.1% of the work force, a reduction of a mere two-tenths of a point since the end of 1975, and the nation's production of goods and services in the current quarter may well expand only a third as rapidly as it did in the first quarter.

Key Question. Now it is the Democrats' turn to direct the economy, and the key question is what President-elect Jimmy Carter will do—and whether any policy he adopts will have much effect before 1978. As Inauguration Day approaches, the talk in the Carter camp is becoming steadily more modest. His advisers at one time spoke ebulliently of slashing unemployment in 1977 by three or four percentage points. Since the election, Carter has set goals of 6% growth for his first year in office and only a 1½-point cut in the unemployment rate. On his own staff, there are growing doubts as to whether these goals can be met.

Among those who doubt the Carter

projections are the members of TIME's Board of Economists, who met in Manhattan last week for a daylong look at what is ahead. None of the economists foresees the economy slipping back into recession during the next twelve months. But none predicts anything other than a lackluster 1977, though the economy should speed up toward the end of next year as Carter's measures take hold. The board's averaged-out forecasts:

- Production of goods and services, discounted for inflation, should go up 4.8% for the year; the rate will pick up to 5.6% in the fourth quarter. That would extend the expansion through eleven straight quarters, but the growth rate would not be as rapid as it has been at the same stage of recovery from past recessions. The anticipated slowdown in spending by business during the year's first half will be a big drag. The latest Government survey indicates that corporate expenditures for new plant and equipment, discounted for inflation, will show hardly any increase over the second half of 1976.

- Unemployment will average 7.3% during 1977 but dip to 6.9% by the fourth quarter. That would mark a reduction of only about a point in the current jobless rate. The actual number of unemployed Americans, currently 7.8 million, might not go down at all, particularly if women and young blacks continue to enter the labor market at this year's high rate.

- Inflation, as measured by the consumer price index, will abate a tiny bit from the 5.8% expected for this year to 5.7%, and hold there until the end of 1977. This is dramatically better than past double-digit levels. But Board Member Robert Nathan, who manages

his own consulting firm in Washington, feels that the inflation figures have benefited disproportionately from "wind-falls" of relatively steady prices of food and fuel.

- Corporate profits should rise 10% to 15%, a reasonably healthy pace but far below the 27% to 30% increases registered this year.

The economists agree almost unanimously that even this tepid performance will not be achieved unless the new Administration pumps more money into the sagging economy. Walter Heller, one of three members of the Board of Economists who have attended long meetings with Carter since the election—the others are Arthur Okun and Joseph Pechman—predicts a 4.5% rise in real gross national product next year, but only with sizable stimulation of the economy by Washington. Without it, he says, the increase might be as little as 3.5%. Republican Murray Weidenbaum of Washington University in St. Louis has come around to favor a \$10 billion tax cut and says the question now is "not if, but how much."

On that point, a consensus of sorts is emerging. The board's liberal majority favors a package of tax cuts and increases in Government spending totaling \$15 billion to \$20 billion. That range is acceptable to some Wall Street economists as well. Two weeks ago, a group of businessmen consulting with Carter showed no dissent to a \$23 billion plan proposed by General Electric Chairman Reginald Jones.

Size is only the first question. Some others: How much of the stimulus should be higher Government spending, how much a tax cut? What portion of the tax cut should go to individuals, how



Joe Martella Jr. as he appeared in the 1967 Life ad.

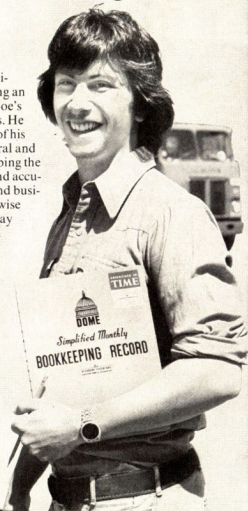
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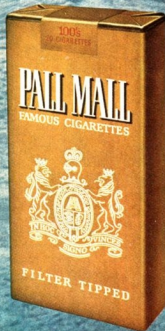
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much to business? How to ensure that tax money saved by business will actually be spent on new plant and equipment? Should the tax cuts be permanent or temporary, the latter putting pressure on the new Administration to keep extending them? Or should they be quickie rebates on taxes already paid? Most liberal economists on the board strongly favor \$12 billion in rebates, with perhaps \$3 billion in help to business in the form of an increase in the investment tax credit.

To the liberals, the greatest allure of rebates is that they would put money immediately into the pockets of consumers but would not shrink federal revenues over the long run and cut into plans for social programs, as they believe a permanent tax cut would do. Okun, a senior fellow at Washington's Brookings Institution and once chief economic adviser to Lyndon Johnson, feels that a permanent cut would "paint Carter into a corner" before he has a chance to move on such other fronts as welfare reform and health insurance.

Conservatives Weidenbaum and Beryl Sprinkel, chief economist of Harris Trust & Savings Bank in Chicago, argue that any tax cut should be permanent. Such cuts, says Weidenbaum, would "serve as a useful restraint" on proponents of "vast new expenditure programs." At the same time, he says, permanent cuts would encourage consumers to spend more money over the long run because they would have more money to keep. Monetarist Sprinkel concurs, but questions what real good any tax cut will do. "We have a \$1.8 trillion economy," he says. "If anybody thinks a \$10 billion or \$12 billion change in taxes will be effective, he believes something that I don't believe."

Bulging Coffers. Sprinkel nonetheless would go along with a hefty tax cut for business—if there is one—to spur investment. But Heller and David Grove, vice president of International Business Machines Corp., argue that business's coffers already are bulging and that executives will not spend more on factories and machinery unless consumer demand rises. Says Grove, who wants a stimulus of as much as \$30 billion: "What business needs most is the prospect of higher sales volumes to encourage investment."

Carter's own views are still unclear, and perhaps undecided. The President-elect said last week at a news conference that "my own preference is to concentrate on job opportunities"—meaning he would put more emphasis on Government spending for job-creating programs, less on a tax cut. On the Board of Economists, Nathan favors that approach as a method not only to put people to work but to begin tackling some of the nation's unmet social needs—for example, mass transit and aid to education. Other Democrats on the board doubt that new spending programs beyond \$5 billion or so could be cranked

up quickly enough to give the economy the immediate lift it needs. In any case, Carter will be wary of going too far for fear of upsetting his plan to balance the federal budget by the end of his first term. Even the most modest plan before him might swell the deficit in fiscal 1977 from the \$61 billion now estimated.

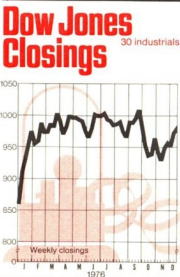
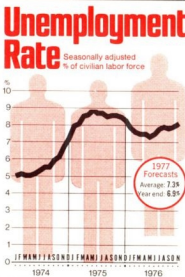
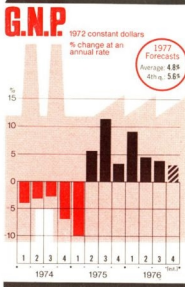
Carter has also said he will take a look at economic statistics over the next few weeks before deciding the size and type of stimulus—and the numbers are no longer all gloomy. There were enough tidbits of good news last week to soothe the fears of some Ford Administration economists, who now concede that earlier in the fall they worried about the possibility of a new recession.

Last week, for example, the Government reported that both personal income and industrial production rose more than a percentage point in November. In Seattle, Boeing announced that it would hire up to 4,500 workers because of an upturn in aircraft orders. In Detroit, Ford Motor Co., recovering from a month-long strike, said that it would raise capital spending to \$2 billion next year, an increase of 66%.

Record Year. General Motors officials said that 1977 could be a record year, with car sales hitting 11.25 million, slightly ahead of this year. Bank loans have shown an upturn, indicating renewed business demand. Though reports on Christmas sales are conflicting, merchants at least hope they will wind up with a gain. Says James Lutz, executive vice president of Chicago-based Montgomery Ward: "The weather is with us, and we're going to have the best Christmas ever."

The current flurry of optimism will hardly take the edge off disappointment over the economy's performance in 1976. The year began in high gear with an unprecedented surge of investor confidence that drove the Dow Jones industrial average of 30 stocks up 122 points in January alone, the most successful month in Wall Street history (see box). By April, growth figures were in for the first quarter, and they seemed almost too good to believe. Discounted for inflation, G.N.P. rose at a 9.2% clip, one of the biggest quarterly spurts on record. Corporate profits soared; American Telephone & Telegraph eventually became the first U.S. corporation ever to earn more than \$1 billion in a three-month period. Some economists began worrying about an inflationary overheating of business.

They need not have concerned themselves: from the second quarter on, growth rates turned down like a burned-out rocket. The rise in real G.N.P. fell to 4.5% in the second quarter, to 3.8% in the third, and is expected to be only about 3% this quarter. Unemployment bottomed out at 7.3% in May and then began rising once more. One measure of the setback: at midyear, economists believed that the jobless rate would fall



ECONOMY & BUSINESS

below 7% by year's end. It now seems unlikely to get that low until a full year later—if then.

What happened? Two things:

1) Consumer demand waned because there was no money left from the 1975 rebates, and the rises in workers' pay—despite the big increases won by some unions—generally only matched or actually trailed price increases. Though consumers in the third quarter saved a mere 6% of their incomes, the lowest figure in four years, their spending was still insufficient to keep pushing up the economy.

2) Businessmen who had bought goods furiously during the first quarter began cutting orders. Their purpose was to keep their inventories from swelling; their actions forced suppliers to reduce production and lay off workers.

In October another culprit surfaced: budget watchers discovered that the Government had not spent \$9 billion to \$16 billion that it had been authorized to shell out during 1976. The economy was robbed of that much spending power and slowed all the more. Harvard Professor and Board of Economists member Otto Eckstein estimates that total federal purchases will rise less than 1% during 1976, hardly enough to promote robust growth.

What caused the spending shortfall is still largely a mystery. Nathan theorizes that Ford Administration bureaucrats responded altogether too strongly to White House pressure to hold down the budget. Okun believes that departments and agencies estimated their spending at the highest levels foreseeable—which in fact were not met—to avoid any chance of having to apologize to the boss for overrunning their tar-

JOB APPLICANTS IN NEW JERSEY



PROSPECTIVE AUTO PURCHASERS CHECKING OUT GM VEGAS

Size of the stimulus is only the first of the hard questions.

gets. There were also some mechanical delays in handing out federal contracts. For a while, some economists believed that the money not spent in 1976 would flow out in 1977, lessening the need for stimulus, but the prevailing belief now is that no such thing will happen.

Another serious problem for Carter in deciding the size and type of stimulus to be applied is that he cannot look at U.S. business in isolation. The economies of Europe and Japan are slowing down too, and their leaders are fearful of applying stimulus because of persistent inflation. World economists are looking to the Carter Administration to pep up the U.S. economy and persuade other countries, notably Japan and Germany, to pursue more expansionary policies.

That could be a key to avoiding another world recession. Great Britain, along with many other countries, seeks an "export-led" recovery to restore growth and currency stability. But the Paris-based Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development looks for no more than a 5% rise in trade among its 24 member nations next year. Worse yet, the O.E.C.D. foresees a composite growth rate for its member countries of less than 4%, without accounting for last week's rise in the price of oil.

Yale Professor Robert Triffin believes that some joint effort at stimulus, led by the U.S., is mandatory. Triffin thinks that Carter, after taking office, should move quickly toward publicly "endorsing" stimulus by Germany and Japan and work with those countries toward a plan for reinvigorating their economies, improving trade and boosting growth. Less developed countries would also benefit: markets for their commodities would be strengthened.

But the new Administration's main concern, of course, will be the U.S. economy. Another of its problems will be containing the inflation that might re-

sult from faster growth. Most members of the Board of Economists think that the danger of inflation comes largely from momentum: labor has become used to wage increases that reflect productivity improvements and rises in the cost of living, and businessmen want to pass along all cost increases to consumers.

Carter has ruled out formal wage-price controls and his advisers seem opposed even to voluntary guidelines that would set numerical standards. What kind of wage-price policy does that leave? Okun suggests a series of "prayer meetings" at which Administration officials will urge business and labor leaders in general terms to make sacrifices for the sake of noninflationary growth. He also forecasts a highly informal "prerogative" standard—a request that businessmen and labor leaders inform the new President privately of planned wage and price hikes and discuss their justification in advance. Pechman, director of economic studies at Brookings, urges that Carter appoint a new chairman of the Council on Wage and Price Stability, who would vigorously denounce excessive wage and price hikes.

Big Contracts. No one knows how such a policy would go down with business and labor. Major contracts covering at least 4.9 million workers either expire or come up for reopening in 1977, giving Carter ample opportunity to jawbone the union leaders who turned out a heavy vote for him, if he wishes. The first big contract, for 37,000 oil, chemical and atomic workers, expires two weeks before Carter takes office. Next comes textiles. Steel follows, but that is expected to be peaceful; an experimental no-strike agreement will govern negotiations. In December comes potential trouble: coal and railroads. United Mine Workers negotiators are already talking

up wage increases of 20% to 25%.

Carter may have some new faces to contend with in labor. Mine Workers President Arnold Miller is likely to be challenged by U.M.W. Secretary-Treasurer Harry Patrick in the union election in June. Patrick might stiffen union bargaining demands. AFL-CIO Chief George Meany, 82, could retire this year. His likely successor: Lane Kirkland, the federation's quiet, intellectual secretary-treasurer. There is also a strong possibility that the United Auto Workers, divorced from the AFL-CIO since 1968, may rejoin the federation.

While it is not yet clear what economic actions he will take, Carter has begun surrounding himself with people who are expected to follow moderately stimulative fiscal policies. Last week he named Michael Blumenthal, chief executive of Bendix Corp., to be Treasury Secretary, and Charles Schultze, once

Lyndon Johnson's budget boss, to head the Council of Economic Advisers (see THE NATION).

Both Ends. The new team is expected to work well with Arthur Burns, who still has a year to go as chairman of the independent Federal Reserve Board. During the Nixon-Ford years, Burns was often pictured as a man intent on curbing inflation at an unnecessarily high price in lost growth. But Burns lately has engineered a drop in interest rates that should please Carter. Burns, says Walter Heller, is "going to stick to his general philosophy. But he is not about to ignore the election returns. Arthur barks and wags his tail. And the question is, which end do you believe. Well, believe both ends. He is going to cooperate as much as he can, and every once in a while take a nip out of Carter to show that he still runs an independent Federal Reserve."

Given Burns' cooperation, a will to speed up the economy, and luck, the new Administration still faces a formidable task. For example, if women and youths flood into the labor market as they did in 1976, reducing the unemployment rate by a point and a half next year would require the creation of 4.2 million new jobs—probably an impossibility. Some members of the Board of Economists worry that, in grappling with this and other economic problems, Carter and his advisers will focus too much attention on 1977, too little on what follows. A stimulus of any kind takes time to filter through the economy and become effective. The job, says Otto Eckstein, is not to pump up the 1977 figures as much as possible but "to create an underpinning for business and households for a better four years." The coming year, however, is the time when a speed-up must at least begin.

Faith Flowers Again on Wall Street

After a year of shifting moods—from euphoria to uncertainty and for a time despair—the stock market seems to have come full circle. As 1976 draws to an end, traders are once more looking ahead with rising confidence, buoyed by a growing conviction that President-elect Jimmy Carter can put zip into the lagging economy. Before the election, Wall Street nervously regarded the Democratic candidate as a big-spending populist, but it has been won over in recent weeks by Carter's appointment of political moderates to top Administration posts. Says Reynolds Securities, Inc. Vice President Robert Stovall: "There's a growing chance that Carter might give us a market equal to that of the first year under President Kennedy" (when the Dow Jones industrial average of 30 blue-chip stocks rose 18.7%).

Reflecting the new optimism, the Dow has already climbed from a post-election low of 924 on Nov. 10 to 979 at the close of trading last week, a gain of 55 points in five weeks. Monte Gordon, research chief of The Dreyfus Corporation, believes the Dow could hit 1100 in the first six months of next year, surpassing its alltime, January 1973 high of 1051.70. About midyear, Gordon predicts, the Dow will slide back to 1025 or so before moving up again to close 1977 somewhere between 1100 and 1150. Analyst Edson Gould of Anametrics, Inc. who has gained a reputation for accurately calling market turns (TIME, Apr. 26), is even more sanguine. He believes that by September the Dow could go as high as 1250.

The rise in confidence is evidenced by the broadness of the market's recent advance. Investors are showing increasing interest in a wide range of stocks of smaller companies in residential build-

ing, home-furnishings and semi-conductor equipment. Until fairly recently, such secondary stocks were largely overlooked despite their attractively low price-earnings ratios and relatively high dividend yields. One result of this buying surge: price gains in the general market have outdistanced the Dow's blue-chip index. So far this year, the Dow has advanced 15%. The index of all stocks traded on the New York Stock Exchange (roughly 1,550) has gone up 18.8%. All this portends a good, maybe even record year for brokerage houses in 1977.

In any case, few on Wall Street will be sorry to see 1976 end. It has been a strange year, in which a volcanic opening led only to months of puzzlement and frustration. Paralleling the economy's robust first-quarter growth, the Dow spurred ahead 157 points, to 1009,

from Jan. 1 to March 24. But for the next six months the market moved listlessly sideways. Tantalizingly, the Dow pierced the 1000 mark no fewer than eleven times during the year, only to fall back every time. On Sept. 21, the index reached 1014, its peak for the year, but then it fell into a slump that knocked 90 points off the average and for a while turned Wall Street into a boulevard of dented dreams.

Among other oddities of the year, the market failed abysmally as a political indicator. Wall Streeters have long traced a connection between stock prices and presidential campaigns: if the Dow index is higher on election eve than at the start of the year, the party in power retains the White House; only if it is lower do the outs win. That rule held true in eleven of the 14 presidential elections held from 1920 through 1972, but Carter triumphed over the odds this year—proving once again that nothing involving the market, including the present ebullient predictions, is ever certain.

WATCHING THE TICKER: INVESTORS' CONFIDENCE IS ON THE UPSWING





RAILSBACK & LOREN: OEDIPAL COMPLEXITIES ON THE SET

Back in Rome after moviemaking in Montreal, Actress **Sophia Loren**, 42, has a new role as a grandma—or at least a step-grandmother—to husband **Carlo Ponti**'s first grandchild. Loren's work in Montreal involved family matters of a different kind. In *Angela*, a modern version of the Greek tragedy *Oedipus at Colonus*, she plays a restaurant waitress who loses her infant son to Mafia kidnapers. Years later, the long-lost lad, played by **Steve Railsback**, 30, accidentally meets up with Mom and, presto, some Oedipal complexities develop. Sophia can only hope she will avoid such problems in her next movie, *The Great Day*. She is cast as the mother of six.

Hoping to pick up some pointers for his new job, Semanticist **S.J. Hayakawa** enrolled in a special Harvard University program for freshman Congressmen. As a former no-nonsense professor himself, the California Senator-elect should have made an attentive student. Alas, during seminars he was caught napping. At least Hayakawa had a novel excuse: "I admit I may have dozed through some of the sessions, but I haven't had a good rest since the campaign."

The party offered much champagne, delectable finger food and an East Side address (rented for the occasion). A 3-ft.-high hazelnut cake with pink icing had tilted to starboard in its box during shipping, but Hostess **Shere Hite**, author of the bestselling study of female sexuality, *The Hite Report*, propped it up with her 438-page tome. Hite threw the bash for friends who had helped her through her

3½ years of research for the book. Nine of them had anted up a total of \$23,000 when she ran short of cash, and Shere was repaying the loans both in cash and in style. Said Virginio Del Toro, 48, a doorman and a patron to the tune of \$15,000: "She was doing something somebody had to study. I only worried I would drop dead or something before she finished."

When she was only 25, **Margaret Mead** studied sexual mores in Samoa and earned an assistant curatorship at Manhattan's American Museum of Natural History. Half a century and many field trips later, the anthropologist is still working for the museum. To commemorate her 50th anniversary on staff, which happened to coincide with her 75th birthday, the museum established a fund to endow a chair in her name and to reorganize its anthropology collection. Mead plans to help raise the target of \$5 million, at least when she can spare the time. She is working on a new book, *Letters from the Field*, and is still traveling. Contemplating a trip to Bali in the spring, the spry septuagenarian says: "I fully intend to die, but I have no plans to retire."

Singer **Harry Belafonte** has been lighting up stages for 20 years; now his daughter **Shari Belafonte** is doing the same—only in a different way. Though Shari, 22, is pretty enough to appear in a spotlight, she prefers to operate one. A senior drama major at Pittsburgh's Carnegie-Mellon University, Shari says, "I'm not as interested in accumulating



HITE WITH PROPPED-UP CAKE



MEAD AT MUSEUM ON BIRTHDAY

PEOPLE



ROSI MITTERMAIER MAKES LIKE ROSEY GRIER



SHARI BELAFONTE BACKSTAGE

fans as I am in dealing with people." Thus she plans to be a producer. Her curriculum includes, besides lighting, scenery and technical details, such assignments as hammering together the set for a C-MU production of the Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill opera, *Mahagonny*. Shari says her dad never pushed her toward a show business career. "Neither my father nor mother cared what I wanted to do as long as I was a good girl."

For the first time this year, Rosi Mittermaier came in last. But fans of the West German skiing *Wunderkind* need not despair. The 1976 Olympic gold

medalist was not schussing down a snowy slope but competing in a decathlon parody staged by German sports-writers. Events included skateboarding, "walking on water" and American football, for which Rosi donned shoulder pads, helmet and cleats. One of three females among twelve contestants, Rosi took the hindmost in good humor. Well she might. Now a professional, she will earn \$1 million promoting sports equipment over the next three years.

Convicted Killer Gary Mark Gilmore's struggle for death continued last week. The U.S. Supreme Court voted 5 to 4 to lift a stay of execution that had been granted on behalf of Gilmore's mother. Uplifted, Gilmore, 36, broke his 25-day fast by consuming two hero sandwiches, an orange and a quart of milk. But then a Utah district court judge set the execution date for Jan. 17—a delay that allows time for further court action that could prevent his going before a Utah firing squad. Gilmore tried to take matters into his own hands again: he attempted suicide for the second time in a month, swallowing an overdose of barbiturates believed to have been smuggled to him by prison inmates. At week's end the murderer bent on his own death had sufficiently recovered to be returned to prison, where he is under heavy guard.

It is twelve years since he played Zorba the Greek, but Anthony Quinn, 60, can still step and stomp to bouzouki music. In his first cabaret appearance, Quinn brought down the house at the Club Sirocco, a Greek nightspot in Man-



QUINN BACKS INTO ZORBA ROUTINE

hattan. "I danced for money," said the actor, who did indeed. In a one-shot benefit performance, Quinn raised \$50,000 for the Institute of Applied Biology, a research center in Manhattan that specializes in cancer, drug addiction and arthritis. Though he may not get a chance to dance, Quinn is looking forward to playing another Hellenic super-role in a forthcoming film, *The Greek Tycoon*. He hopes his co-star will be Jackie—Jacqueline Bisset, that is.

It had the makings of a French farce, or at least a comedy of manners. Checking into London's swank Dorchester Hotel last week were Honeymooners Elizabeth Taylor and John Warner; also checking in were Richard Burton, the groom in two of Liz's six previous marriages, and his bride of four months, Susan Hunt. "We shall all be meeting to have a few drinks," said Burton convivially. But Liz apparently had other ideas. She and her new hubby promptly went motoring in the country.

Just a few shopping days before Christmas, Watergate Reporters Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein received their first, er, sizable check for their best-selling *The Final Days* since the book was published last April by Simon and Schuster. The sum, which covered royalties, paperback rights and other fees, was a mere \$58 short of \$1 million.

Generation Gaffes

MAUVE GLOVES & MADMEN, CLUTTER & VINE
by TOM WOLFE
243 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.
\$8.95.

When people all about him are keeping their heads, Tom Wolfe can be counted on to lose his. Let him get with-in earshot of a consensus, an article of faith so obviously true that every right-thinking soul in the country must bow down, and he will ask, *What is going on here?* Wolfe has been posing the same question ever since he appeared, trailing clouds of asterisks, as the bad boy of '60s journalism. This collection of eleven articles (written between 1967 and 1976) shows that he is steadily getting better at finding unsettling answers.

He is still, to be sure, bedazzled by surfaces: "Fashion, to put it simply, is the code language of status." This is an old Wolfe cry, updated to keep pace with the new scruffiness, or "Funky Chic." He insists that people's choice in clothing—down to the last epaulet or earth shoe—tells more about them than they think or may want known. Hence Wolfe constantly maintains a red alert for apparitions that everyone else has grown accustomed to overnight. He is invariably delighted with "such marvelous figures as the Debutante in Blue Jeans. She was to be found on the fashion pages in every city of any size in the country. There she is in the photograph . . . wearing her blue jeans and her blue work shirt, open to the sternum . . ."

Status Pole. In this mood, Wolfe can delight and instruct. But he omits the possibility that people can dress or act for reasons that have nothing to do with climbing or sliding down the status pole. Altruism, love and compassion seem excluded by his highly stylized determinism. Those who dismiss Wolfe do so at just this point. If he were sent to cover the Crimean War, would he not send back a dispatch describing Florence Nightingale's uniform?

Perhaps. But though he is preoccupied with fashion, Wolfe is remarkably unfashionable. His book is crammed with opinions that could get him banned from liberal cocktail parties for life. For example, he notes that the restrictions imposed by the Johnson Administration on the bombing of Hanoi and Haiphong forced Navy pilots to take unreasonable and pointless risks—and needlessly killed hundreds of them. At the height of the Viet Nam protests, amid cries that fascism was at hand, Americans "had, and exercised, the most extraordinary political freedom and civil rights in all history." The sexual revolution means that people can copulate "with the same open, free, liberated spirit as dogs in the park or baboons in a tree."



SATIRIST TOM WOLFE
What is going on here?

When embroidering such assumptions, Wolfe rarely sounds serious. Anyone who can describe Jimmy Carter's brand of religious faith as "Missionary lectern-pounding Amen ten-finger C-major chord Sister-Martha-at-the-Yamaha keyboard loblolly piney-woods Baptist" has not succumbed to ideological portentousness. Yet he clearly is serious—not because he is a closet conservative, but because he is an old-fashioned satirist.

Had he been born a contemporary of Mencken's, Wolfe would have railed at the booboisie. As it happened, he arrived on the scene when progressives and liberals had seized the reins of established opinion—and when under-dreamed-of zaniness was abroad in the land. Stuffiness, traditions of all stripes were panting on the ropes; the mood was full throttle into a brave new world.

At such moments the satirist turns reactionary. That is why Wolfe wiggles his eyebrows when he hears waggish Easterners proclaim a distaste for fancy living and a love of the underprivileged: "Everybody had sworn off fashion, but somehow nobody moved to Cincinnati to work among the poor." That is why he deflates the comic-strip balloons that people who think they are humane so often utter: "Or as a well-known, full-grown socialite, Amanda Burden, said . . . 'The sophistication of the baby blacks has made me rethink my attitudes.'" That is why he mocks the now pieties of the new morality: "Our eyes met, our lips met, our bodies met, and then we were introduced."

To survive, though, satire needs something more than clever carping: an urgent sense of how people should be-



WOLFE'S AGING GROOVY

have if they would only listen to the satirist and stop acting stupidly. It is this sense that still animates Swift's *A Modest Proposal*, two centuries after its original topicality. The moral certainty that once propped up satire has faded also. Wolfe is too canny to convey any advice except an implicit "knock it off." If he went further, he could easily spend the rest of his days on the chicken-salad circuit, pumping for apple-pie virtues. He would no longer be a purveyor of satire but a target of it.

It is impossible to imagine Wolfe as a road-show Colonel Blimp, a truculent dandy wowing the provinces. He would quickly have them gasping, and not in pleasure. For his audacity is irrepresible. It has brought much wrath down on his head from more conventional



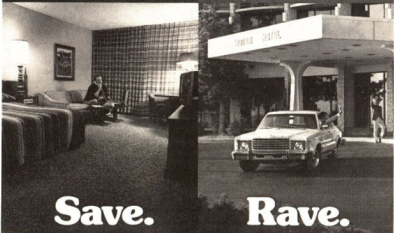
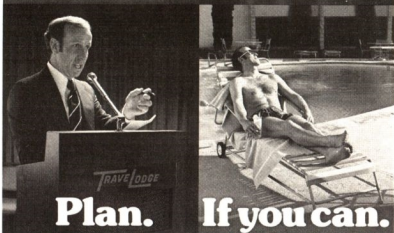
"FUNKY CHIC" DEBUTANTE

journalists, but this book serves as a reminder of how often Wolfe's refusal to be respectful toward any subject has produced both illumination and laughter.

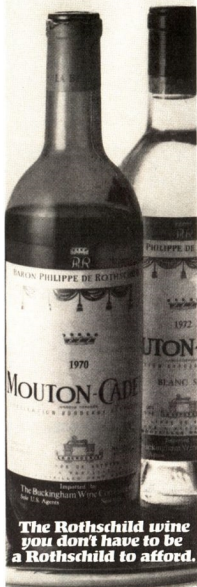
In *The Commercial*, for instance, Wolfe turns to short fiction to anatomize the current art of race relations. A black baseball player named Willie Hammer has been asked to make a TV commercial for Charlemagne, a new line of men's toiletries. Hammer desperately wants the assignment; it gives him the chance to become a "superstar," instead of just another gifted black athlete. Trouble is, the script calls for him to pronounce Charlemagne as "Charlie Mag-net." Hammer must act on nationwide TV as if he cannot read. Before the dilemma is resolved, Wolfe goes a number of oxen: the power of advertising, the skin-deep status of black-white understanding, the venality of big-time professional sports. Easy targets, perhaps, but no one has better aim than Wolfe.

Greasy Skillet. Even critics who refuse to be amused cannot deny what has become obvious over the years: when Wolfe concentrates solely on reporting, he is virtually peerless among contemporary journalists. In *The Truest Sport: Jousting with Sam and Charlie*, the longest and best piece in this collection, he gives an unforgettably tactile account of combat life on a U.S. aircraft carrier, a "heaving greasy skillet," in the Gulf of Tonkin in 1967. Those who have not been on a carrier with planes approaching may have seen such a scene in movies. Wolfe's description is better: "As the aircraft comes closer and the carrier heaves on into the waves and the plane's speed does *not* diminish—one experiences a neural alarm he has never in his wildest fears imagined before: This is not an airplane coming toward me, it's a brick, and it is not *gliding*, it's *falling*, a fifty-thousand-pound brick, headed not for a stripe on the deck, but for me—and with a horrible *smash*!"

In its energy, pacing and abundance of detail, this story resembles *The Elec-*



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BOOKS

tric Kool-Aid Acid Test (1968). Wolfe's finest book and the keenest look at the psychedelic '60s yet written. These works suggest that his strongest card may not be satire at all. As entertaining as he is when he stands on the beach and points, Wolfe is most valuable when he journeys inside the whale. **Paul Gray**

The Damned

POLONAISE

by PIERS PAUL READ

347 pages. Lippincott. \$10.

If Dostoyevsky were reincarnated as an Englishman, he might write novels like Piers Paul Read. His books are packed with demons perceived as the rattling of a vicar's teacups, clubrooms full of failed saints and even failed sinners, all wearing the old school tie. In short, crime and, above all, punishment during a weekend on a Cornwall estate.

In his sixth novel Read has traveled abroad and into history for a theme, attempting to write what could be thought of as his *Brothers Karamazov*, Polish-style. Stefan Kornowski—saint, sinner, intellectual—is Alyosha-Dmitri-Ivan all in one. The son of a ruined count, he moves into a shabby Warsaw apartment when the family country home is lost in the late 1920s. But while his sister, 17, goes to work in a jeweler's shop, Stefan, 15, manages the ultimate Dostoyevskian luxury: "Playing the role of the sort of person he ought to be." He dabbles in religious speculation (largely gloomy), flirts with Communism (almost, but not quite, of course, making it to the Spanish Civil War), and languidly backs into a comfortable marriage. A spectator of life, naturally he becomes a writer and, for a while, a fashionable one—a protégé of a princess.

As he idles in ennui over his coy stories and precious plays, what can Stefan do to rouse himself from his cursed dilettantism? Like a true Karamazov, he contemplates an ideally perverse murder involving the princess's pubescent daughter. He is saved by, among other things, World War II, which—rest assured—he sits out in the U.S., selling books in a shop in Chicago while his wife and twins are killed by the Nazis. Twenty years later Stefan returns to Europe to commit a romantic crime, have a religious revelation and die.

It is all too easy to gauge how far Read's reach has exceeded his grasp. In less than 350 pages he has stretched to cover a family saga of three generations, on location in Poland and France, with side trips to Spain, the U.S. and England. He has encapsulated the causes and consequences of one depression and two wars, not to mention their fury. As a philosopher-novelist he has tried to see to it that all the Great Ideas are discussed: Christianity, Marxism, Art, Love, Innocence and Corruption.

In his one nonfiction book, *Alive: The Story of the Andes Survivors*, Read



NOVELIST PIERS PAUL READ

Courage and foolhardiness.

inherited his Dostoyevskian themes as a gift. A remote plane crash, the compelling temptation to cannibalism, all this extremity allowed him to make the most of his favorite question: How can a man manage to survive without being damned? Beside this bestselling documentary, Read's novels so far have seemed all too contrived. But there is courage along with foolhardiness here, seriousness as well as pretension. Overextended though he is, Read writes for the most part with grace and economy. He has the exceptional novelist's gift for making a reader believe in a character's predicaments even when he may not believe in the character. **Melvin Maddocks**

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—Trinity, Uris (2 last week)
- 2—Sleeping Murder, Christie (1)
- 3—Storm Warning, Higgins (3)
- 4—Blue Skies, No Candy, Greene (5)
- 5—Slapstick, Vannegut (7)
- 6—Raise the Titanic, Cussler (6)
- 7—The Crash of '79, Erdman
- 8—Dalores, Susann (10)
- 9—Touch Not the Cat, Stewart (14)
- 10—The Users, Haber (8)

NONFICTION

- 1—Roots, Haley (1)
- 2—Your Erroneous Zones, Dyer (3)
- 3—Passages, Sheehy (2)
- 4—Blind Ambition, Dean (4)
- 5—The Grass Is Always Greener over the Septic Tank, Bambeck (5)
- 6—The Right and the Power, Jaworski (9)
- 7—The Hite Report, Hite (8)
- 8—Blood and Money, Thompson (7)
- 9—Adolf Hitler, Toland (6)
- 10—To Jerusalem and Back, Bellow (10)

Roll Down Your Sleeves, America!

"We cannot afford to take a chance with the health of this country." With those words, President Ford last March unveiled an ambitious effort to vaccinate Americans against a possible outbreak of swine flu this winter. Last week, after the latest in a series of setbacks, it was the health of the \$135 million mass-inoculation program that seemed in jeopardy. Alarmed by a mysterious paralysis among some people who have received swine-flu shots, federal officials indefinitely suspended the nationwide effort. Even if the shots are resumed—and people could be persuaded to take them—they may be too late in the flu season to do any good.

The strange ailment that triggered the new concern is a disorder of the nervous system called Guillain-Barré syndrome. Named for the French doctors who described it in 1916, it begins with paralysis in the legs and may gradually spread upward to the hands and arms and the rest of the body. Most people eventually recover (the death rate is 5%), but if the breathing muscles are seriously impaired, a respirator may be needed during the critical period. No one knows what causes the paralyzing nerve inflammation, though the syndrome seems to strike more often after viral infections, vaccinations and surgery. Doctors suspect that it may involve an immunological reaction, but they have no clue to what triggers it.

Officials of the U.S. Public Health Service's Center for Disease Control (CDC) were first alerted when a number of states reported a disturbing trend: Guillain-Barré syndrome seemed to be occurring with greater frequency among people who had been inoculated than among those who had not. A quick survey confirmed their fears: only one out of every five Americans (nearly 40 million) had received their swine-flu shots. Yet, of the 107 suspected paralysis cases in 18 states, more than half—at least 58 people, including six who later died—had been inoculated, usually about two weeks before they became ill.

Prudent Course. Faced with these incriminating statistics and lacking any evidence of an impending swine-flu outbreak, federal officials took what Dr. Theodore Cooper, HEW assistant secretary for health, last week described as "the only prudent course of action": they immediately halted the program until they could prove or disprove the link between the vaccine and the paralysis. The investigation, which has already determined that no single batch of vaccine can be blamed, will take at least a month. If the vaccine is cleared, Cooper says, he will recommend resumption of

the program—both to provide protection against swine flu and to restore public confidence in mass immunization. Senator Edward Kennedy was less optimistic. At week's end, after convening his health subcommittee on the latest crisis, he noted that the psychological impact on the American people had been "shattering." Said he: "For all practical purposes, the suspension means the end of the swine-flu program."

The Snoring Sickness

For Norman Siegel, a stocky, 40-year-old English teacher from Bridgeport, Conn., drowsiness had been a curse since high school days. He could fall asleep and indeed often did, at almost any time—in front of his class, at the wheel of his car and even while giving driver-training instruction. For years, despite spending thousands of dollars looking for a cure and being twitted by his friends about his intermittent stupors, he was unable to do anything about his affliction.

Siegel was one of the 50,000 or more Americans who suffer from a little-known, and often misdiagnosed disorder called sleep apnea (literally, want of breath). During a single night, they may wake up 400 or 500 times. These interruptions are so brief, only a few seconds or so, that apnea victims are usually totally unaware of them and at a loss to explain the morning-after blahs. When these patients take their complaint to a doctor, they usually get no help. The problem is that the physician sees the patient in the daytime and has no way of knowing the underlying cause of the malaise. Often the most he can do is to prescribe some sleeping pills, which generally prove totally ineffectual and can be dangerous. Now, as a result of the emergence of a whole new specialty that deals only with sleep disorders, the ailments that tortured Siegel and hundreds of other patients are finally being properly diagnosed and brought under control.

First, the sleep clinicians probe deeply into a patient's sleep habits—for example, by questioning his bed partner. They also video-tape his slumber behavior in special sleeping rooms, where patients spend the night hooked up to a polygraph, a lie-detector-like machine that monitors sleep-related physiological functions (breathing, muscle twitching, rapid eye movement).

After Siegel had spent only a single night at the new sleep-wake clinic of New York's Montefiore Hospital and Medical Center, Neurologist Elliot Weitzman's suspicions about him were confirmed: as soon as Siegel fell asleep,

The sign of one of the states of sleep, known as REM, characterized by intensive dreaming



SIEGEL & SPOUSE ASLEEP AT HOME
From 400 or 500 times a night.

the functioning of the muscles of his upper respiratory tract became so impaired that breathing would come to a total halt for as long as a minute (doctors are uncertain whether excessive muscle relaxation or contraction is responsible). Then Siegel would awake with a start, and in his groggy state would gasp for air with a loud snore. The loud gasping and snoring were repeated hundreds of times during the night, seriously disturbing his sleep.

Sudden Death. The primary cause of this breathing failure remains unclear, though sometimes it appears to be linked with obesity. In any case, drowsiness is only the mildest byproduct. The disorder can lead to hypoxia (low blood oxygen), hypertension (high blood pressure), heart disease and in some cases sudden death. Nor is it easily treatable. Conventional sleeping pills can actually worsen the problem by increasing the breathing difficulty. Removing the tonsils and adenoids to make a larger breathing passage seems to work only in children. Shedding weight makes little difference. Jokes the still overweight Siegel: "I've lost 3,000 pounds over the years."

What did finally help Siegel was a new variant of an old emergency surgical procedure: the tracheotomy—cutting an opening into the windpipe and thus totally bypassing the blocked breathing passage. First introduced in

MEDICINE

apnea a decade ago, such operations have now been performed on about 30 Americans at the 20 U.S. sleep centers now in existence. The procedure is relatively simple, but leaves the patient with a hole in his throat.

During the day, the patient simply plugs up the inconspicuous little breathing tube in the incision—thus assuring normal speech. He usually can conceal the surgical paraphernalia by wearing a turtleneck sweater. At night the plug is removed, and only a few days or so after the operation, nocturnal breathing usually is dramatically improved. The apnea itself is not cured, and might return if the hole were closed at night. But the operation clearly makes life bearable again. Siegel, for example, is now functioning wide-awake during the day and sleeping soundly at night—without snoring—for the first time in years. Siegel says: "My wife is still trying to get used to the silence."

Taking the Bite Out of Rabies

Nearly a century has passed since Louis Pasteur developed the first effective vaccine against rabies, but the dangerous viral disease still takes hundreds of lives round the world every year. The problem is especially serious in developing countries, where inoculations are not always quickly available and infected animals, who transmit the disease through bites, often run rampant. Yet even when bitten people are vaccinated in time, the treatment can be almost as bad as the disease. Typically, it involves a series of 14 or more shots (usually in the abdomen) that often cause painful allergic swelling and occasionally paralysis or death.

Now a remarkable new vaccine, which World Health Organization officials describe as a "fantastic breakthrough" in the campaign against rabies, has passed another milestone test. Writing in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, a team of U.S. and Iranian doctors last week reported that they recently administered the vaccine in a series of only six shots to 45 Iranians who had been bitten by rabid animals—nine by wolves and 36 by dogs. Not a single victim developed rabies or showed a severe allergic reaction. Reason: the new vaccine, unlike the old, is cultured in human rather than animal cells. Thus, while the patients develop antibodies against rabies, they do not suffer painful reactions to the foreign animal protein.

A decade in development by Philadelphia's Wistar Institute, the vaccine is licensed only for clinical trials in the U.S. But the latest results, following a similarly successful test in West Germany, should hasten the day when it is sanctioned by the Food and Drug Administration for any American who has been nipped by a possibly rabid animal.



HALPERIN READS DECISION, SURROUNDED BY HIS LAWYERS, WIFE & THREE SONS

THE LAW

A Verdict Against Richard Nixon

When Morton Halperin first went to court three years ago, he had no idea that he would eventually accomplish what no private citizen ever had—a successful suit for damages caused by the official acts of a U.S. President. But Halperin, then 35, a Yale-trained former staffer on the National Security Council, was furious at learning that the FBI had tapped his telephone. He filed suit against the half-dozen top officials whom he felt had to be held responsible. He even sued the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Co. Last week Morton Halperin won a resounding victory that could cost his tappers, starting with President Nixon, nearly \$1 million in damages.

The case started with Nixon's own anger about foreign policy leaks to the press. On May 9, 1969, the *New York Times* reported the secret bombing of Cambodia. That same day the FBI started a series of wiretaps that ultimately monitored the telephones of 13 Government officials and four newsmen for various periods of time until February 1971. Halperin, an antiwar holdover from the Johnson Administration, was one of those under suspicion. Within nine months, in fact, he decided to quit. But not until the Watergate disclosures came gushing forth in 1973 did he learn that for 21 months the FBI had eavesdropped on him, his wife and three young sons for "national security" reasons. He demanded \$3 million in damages.

After three years of legal wrangling, during which the Justice Department took over the defense, Halperin won his basic points. In a 16-page opinion, U.S. District Court Judge John Lewis Smith Jr. ruled that Halperin's Fourth Amendment rights to protection against unlawful search and seizure had been violated, the taps had uncovered no evidence of wrongdoing by Halperin, and Nixon, former Attorney General John Mitchell and former White House aide H.R. Haldeman must pay damages

"Like any other citizen," the judge said, "these officials are charged with the knowledge of established law and must be held accountable for personal misconduct." Halperin's suit was a civil action and therefore not covered by President Ford's pardon absolving Nixon of any criminal acts that occurred during his Administration.

Judge Smith found that Nixon was personally liable for damages because he had initiated and overseen the wiretap program without setting specific limits on it. Mitchell, the judge said, was in error because he had failed to review periodically the need for the taps. Haldeman was liable because he too did not put a stop to the monitoring, and in addition used bugs for political spying (after leaving the NSC, Halperin served for a time as an adviser to Presidential Aspirant Edmund Muskie). The judge, however, dismissed charges against three other officials named in the suit, including Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, who had originally listed Halperin as a suspected leak but had played what the judge called an "inactive" role in the actual bugging.

Figuring Damages. Though it is still unclear just how the damages against Nixon and his co-defendants will be computed—the judge left that to a later hearing—Halperin's lawyers want it figured according to the formula now in the federal wiretap law: \$100 per day per victim, which for the five Halperins for 630 days would add up to \$315,000 against each of the three defendants.

Halperin, now director of an American Civil Liberties Union project that helps file suits against governmental invasions of privacy, was naturally elated. Said he: "It's a sweeping reaffirmation that all public officials, including the President, are strictly limited by the Constitution." Now that the case is over, he admitted that he had not expected to win any damages at all.

Inver's in in Tokyo

Bustling, exotic Tokyo has always been friendly and fascinating. And nowadays it's even friendlier. Its people have found the Scotch that's Soft as a Kiss.
(Because Tokyo's now drinking what Rome, New York, Paris, Chicago and San Francisco are drinking.) Inver House, the international Scotch, continues its triumphant march forward.



Of all menthols:

Carlton is lowest.

See how Carlton stacks down in tar.
Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for:

The 10 top selling cigarettes

	tar mg / cigarette	nicotine mg / cigarette
Brand P Non-Filter	27	1.7
Brand C Non-Filter	24	1.5
Brand W	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol 100	19	1.2
Brand W 100	18	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand K Menthol	17	1.3
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K	16	1.0

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg / cigarette	nicotine mg / cigarette
Brand D	15	1.0
Brand P Box	14	0.8
Brand D Menthol	14	1.0
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand K Milds Menthol	13	0.8
Brand T Menthol	11	0.7
Brand T	11	0.6
Brand V Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V	11	0.7
Carlton Filter	*2	*0.2
Carlton Menthol	*1	*0.1
Carlton 70	*1	*0.1

(lowest of all brands)
*Av. per cigarette by FTC method

**Carlton
Menthol
1 mg. tar**



**Carlton
Filter
2 mg. tar**

No wonder Carlton is the fastest growing of the top 25 brands.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; Filter: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine;
Carlton 70's: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.